

The Bethel News.

VOLUME V.—NUMBER 32.

BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1900.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

DIRECTORY.

We are pleased to publish the following directory for the benefit of our citizens and visitors, and to insure correctness the News should be promptly notified when changes occur.

TOWN OFFICERS.

SELECTMEN.—S. B. Twitchell, C. E. Ker, West, F. J. Russell, Clerk, L. T. Ker; Treasurer, W. W. Hastings; Superintendent of Schools, E. C. Bowler; School Committee, Miss Jane Gibson, E. Valentine, Z. W. Bartlett, East; Tax Agent, A. E. Herriek; Collector, H. Bean; Auditor, Calvin Bisbee.

MAIL SERVICE.

MAILS CLOSE.
East, 8:40 a. m.; 3:15 p. m.
West, 8:40 a. m.; 3:15 p. m.
Post office for Portland and Boston, 8 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.
East, 10:50 a. m.; 4:50 p. m.
West, 9:15 a. m.; 3:45 p. m.

CHURCHES.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL, Main street, Rev. W. B. Eldridge, Pastor, Sunday—Prayer meeting, 10 a. m.; Preaching service, 10:45 a. m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; Junior League, 3 p. m.; Epworth League, 5 p. m.; Prayer meeting, 7 p. m.
UNITED METHODIST, Church street, Rev. E. Barton, Pastor, Sunday—Preaching service, 10:45 a. m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; Y. P. S. C. U., 7 p. m.

CONGREGATIONAL, Church street, Rev. Arthur Varley, Pastor, Sunday—Preaching service, 10:45 a. m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; Y. P. S. C. U., 7 p. m. Tuesday—Prayer meeting, 7:30 p. m.

UNION CHURCH, West Bethel, supplied by Rev. Arthur Varley and Rev. F. E. Barton. Sunday—Preaching, 2:30 p. m.; Sunday school, 3:30 p. m.

BAPTIST, Middle Intervale and East Bethel, supplied by W. H. T. Bock. Sunday—Preaching service, 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 12 m. East Bethel—Preaching service, 2:30 p. m. Wednesday—Prayer meeting, 7:30 p. m.

LIBRARY.

Public Library, Broad street. Open Wednesday, from 6 to 8 p. m.; Saturday, 4 to 8 p. m. Over 2000 volumes. Mrs. G. R. Wiley, President; Annie Frye, Secretary; Mrs. O. M. Mason, Treasurer; Mrs. L. T. Barker, Librarian.

FRATERNAL ORDERS.

BETHEL LODGE, No. 97, F. & A. M.—N. E. Richards, W. M.; J. W. Abbott, S. W.; H. C. Rowe, J. W.; M. W. Chandler, Treas.; D. G. Lovejoy, Sec. Meets second Thursday of each month.
MR. ADRIAN LODGE, I. O. O. F., No. 31.—J. W. Smith, N. G.; A. C. Frost, V. G.; Chas. Mason, Rec. Sec.; C. O. Bryant, F. S.; S. E. French, Treas. Meets Saturday evening.
SUNSET RENAISSANCE LODGE, I. O. O. F., No. 64.—Mrs. Della Smith, N. G.; Miss Martha Gibson, V. G.; Miss Jane Gibson, R. S.; Mrs. W. D. Hastings, F. S.; Mrs. G. A. Burbank, Treas. Meets first and third Monday of each month.

BETHEL GRANGE, No. 56—S. E. Cummings, Master; Mrs. C. E. Valentine, Lecturer; O. E. Valentine, Secretary. Meets Saturday afternoons, once in two weeks.

SUNSHINE CO., No. 50, U. O. P. E.—J. C. Billings, Gov.; E. C. Park, Sec.; E. S. Kilborn, Treas. Meets the first and third Monday of each month.

BETHEL LODGE, No. 27, J. O. U. A. M.—F. J. Tyler, C.; S. A. Gibson, R. S.; John Yates, F. S.; Harry Jordan, Treas. Meets the second and fourth Tuesday in each month.

Brown Post, No. 84, G. A. R.—Ira Jordan, P. C.; A. M. True, Adj. Meets the first and third Tuesday of each month at 7:30 p. m.

Brown Post, W. R. C., No. 36.—Mrs. Ira C. Jordan, Pres.; Mrs. C. S. Littlehale, Sec.; Miss E. E. Burnham, Treas. Meets the first and third Tuesday of each month.

Bethel W. C. T. U.—Mrs. O. M. Mason, Pres.; Mrs. Arthur Varley, Vice Pres.; Mrs. F. S. Chandler, Sec.; Mrs. L. T. Barker, Treas. Meets Tuesday, once in two weeks.

CORPORATIONS.

Bethel Savings Bank.—S. B. Twitchell, Pres.; A. E. Herriek, Treas.

Bethel Chair Co.—J. H. Barrows, Pres. E. L. Tebbets, Treas.

Bethel Water Co.—Enoch Foster, Pres. A. E. Herriek, Treas.

Bethel Dairying Co.—W. E. Abbott, Manager.

Riverside Park Association.—C. M. Wornell, Pres.; E. G. Rowe, Treas.

SOCIAL SOCIETIES.

Ladies' Club, Congregational.—Pres. Mrs. A. E. Herriek; Vice Pres. Mrs. Gilbert Tuell; Sec. Miss Mary True; Treas. Mrs. F. B. Tuell. Meets Thursday afternoon.

Ladies' Circle, Universalist.—Mrs. L. A. Pratt, Pres.; Mrs. G. R. Wiley, Vice Pres.; Mrs. L. B. Hopkins, Sec.; Mrs. E. C. Rowe, Treas. Meets Wednesday afternoon.

Literary Society, Methodist.—Mrs. W. D. Hastings, Pres.; Mrs. Calvin Bisbee, Vice Pres.; Mrs. Wilfred Bowler, Sec. Miss Addie Gordon, Treas.

Ladies' Circle, Methodist.—Mrs. John Swan, Pres.; Miss Minnie Capen, Sec.; Mrs. Ira Jordan, Treas.

Columbian Club.—Mrs. A. E. Herriek, Pres.; Miss Annie M. Frye, Sec. Mrs. F. Hastings, Treas.

UNITED ORDER OF GOLDEN CROSS, No. 14.—N. C. J. H. Barrows, W. T. Calvin, Sec.; F. K. of R. S. W. Grover; K. R. F. W. Bisbee.

The LOCAL NEWS.

Items of Interest Picked Up About Town by the News Man.

Happy 1900 to our readers.

Colds are quite prevalent in town.

About ten inches of snow fell Monday.

Mr. E. R. Files was in town Tuesday.

E. B. Goddard was in Portland Saturday.

Wilfred Bowler was in Portland Saturday on business.

Miss Rose Kimball of East Bethel was in the village Saturday.

The Ladies' Club will meet with Miss True Thursday afternoon.

Frank Merrill returned to Rochester, N. H., last Saturday.

Mr. Leon Walker and Mr. B. C. Snyder left town Tuesday morning.

Rev. F. Rand, Oxford County Missionary, was in town Monday.

Robert Foster has been visiting friends in town during the past few days.

Calvin Bisbee, E. C. Rowe, and E. C. Bowler were in West Paris yesterday.

Miss Gertrude Bryant of South Paris is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Ira Jordan.

Wm. Sturdivant of Fryeburg, visited his son, Dr. Sturdivant, over Sunday.

Leon Walker of Oxford has been visiting friends in town during the past few days.

Ralph Chapman of Manchester, N. H., is visiting relatives and friends in town.

E. E. Fernald, president of the Belknap Motor Co. of Portland was in town Friday.

Postage stamps may not be much talked of, but they are often on the tip of the tongue.

Archer Grover who has been spending his vacation at home, returned to Orono Saturday.

Brown Post and Brown Relief Corps will hold their installation of officers to-morrow night.

Little Burton Briggs has been seriously ill during the past week, but is somewhat better at present.

Miss Annie Hamlin who has been visiting Mrs. G. P. Bean returned to Berlin, N. H., last Saturday.

"What's in a name?" Everything when you come to medicine. When you get Hood's Sarsaparilla, you get the best that money can buy.

Mrs. Fred Chandler and children have been staying with Mrs. Chandler's parents until they secure a rent at Bryant Pond, where Mr. Chandler has been transferred as agent at the Grand Trunk station.

We say out loud that Beckwith Round Oak is the best fitted, most carefully and thoroughly made heating stove made in America. We know the market, and its equal is not in existence. We have all kinds of stoves, but if you leave it to us, we say take the Round Oak.

Last Monday evening several of the teachers in the schools outside of the village celebrated Christmas with their scholars. Miss Ethel Richardson, who teaches at Grover Hill had a nice program given by the scholars, and this was followed by distribution of presents from a very prettily arranged Christmas tree. The labor and interest the teacher manifested was much appreciated by the parents and pupils. At South Bethel, Miss Alice Russell's pupils gave a very interesting program. The school room was prettily decorated, and old and young joined in the festivities. Miss Russell has been a very popular teacher, and it was much to the regret of parents and scholars that she resigned to take the position of clerk in the post-office, which place no doubt she will fill with the same efficiency. All regret that a more flattering offer calls Miss Chipman away, for in the short time spent among us, she has become very popular by her courteous service.

Miss Ida Palmer of Brunswick, is visiting Dr. Sturdivant this week.

The Literary Society meets this afternoon at 2:30 with Miss Addie M. Gordon.

Ezra K. Maxfield a former student at Gould's Academy is attending school in Waterville.

Union services will be held in town during the week of prayer beginning next Sunday evening.

F. W. Sanborn of Norway was in town Monday to attend the annual meeting of the Bethel Water Co.

Mr. John Yates has moved his family to South Paris where he has a position in the meat market of Mr. Fred Coffin.

Miss Elnora L. Hatch has returned to Boston, after closing a successful season's work at the store of Miss E. E. Burnham.

The Auxiliary to the Maine Missionary Society will meet with Mrs. Ceylon Rowe, Friday afternoon at three o'clock. All ladies are invited.

Dr. F. B. Tuell who has been in Washington, D. C., for the past week expects to arrive home Friday afternoon after which time his office will be open as usual.

Miss Alice Russell has resigned her position as teacher at South Bethel and is employed at the Bethel post-office. Her sister Cleo, finishes the term of school for her.

The Christian Endeavorers will please remember the business meeting at the home of Mrs. Arthur Varley, Saturday evening at 7:30 prompt. Every active member is requested to be present.

Miss M. Stanley, teacher at Berlin, N. H., and the Misses Boothby and Mason, milliners at that place, have been visiting Mrs. O. M. Mason and other friends in town during the past week.

Miss Eleanor Edwards of Brooklyn, N. Y., assisted by a worker will begin revival services at Locke Mills on the twentieth of January, laboring in co-operation with the pastor, Rev. W. B. Eldridge of Bethel. Further notice will be given.

The Rev. A. S. Ladd, D. D., presiding elder of Lewiston district will hold his fourth quarterly conference at the M. E. church, January 13th, and will occupy the pulpit Sunday morning the 14th. Preaching in the afternoon at Locke Mills, at 2:30 o'clock.

Hon. A. S. Kimball and Arthur Hebbard of Norway, W. J. Wheeler of South Paris, C. C. Hebbard of Shelburne, N. H., Mrs. Bean and Miss Cora Mason of West Bethel were in consultation at Herriek and Park's office last Saturday relative to the transfer of the mill property at Shelburne, N. H.

The past week has been one of amusements, beginning with a shuffle party at Mrs. Carter's, Mrs. Gehring's and Mrs. Wiley's, Wednesday night, followed by a dance in Odeon Hall, given by the "Ten Merry Maids" and ending with a dance in Odeon Hall Monday night given by Mrs. Gehring. All are reported as enjoyable affairs.

Wedding Anniversary.

New Year's evening was very pleasantly celebrated at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Tillson Burke, it being the twentieth anniversary of their marriage. Owing to the heavy storm many who were invited were not present, but those who braved the storm enjoyed the evening with music, recitations, etc. We regret that we cannot reproduce the two very pleasing and appropriate original poems by friends. After the songs and recitations the whilom bride entered dressed in the costume of twenty years ago, and was introduced to the company by her sister. They were the recipients of many pretty and useful gifts, and in return gave to their guests a bountiful repast.

A DELIGHTFUL OUTING.

We learn from a Maine paper that Mr. E. A. Merrill, the well known produce dealer of Salem, has been rusticated in Maine this summer and getting fat, fair and happy on choke cherries. An admirable diet surely! Mrs. Merrill has been with him, but as she has not been trying the choke cherry diet it is safe to infer that while she is fair and happy she has not sought to acquire the avoirdupois of Mr. Merrill. While in Maine, they in company with others, took a very interesting trip of which Mr. Merrill tells the following story:

We started on a Saturday right after dinner. It was rather an impromptu party in the first place for as it looked like rain in the forenoon, none of the party made any preparations, and so at the last minute had to pack a few necessities into a grip in a hurry.

The first afternoon we drove twenty miles to Umbagog Lake, the most southern of the Rangelys. On the way we saw several of the natural curiosities of the region. The first was Horse Shoe Falls. As that was the first we of course had to gather all the old stones about the place as mementoes. The next thing was Screw Auger Falls. These are very pretty and besides the Falls there is a deep gorge some fifty feet deep which the water has worn. We took moss as a souvenir of that. The next stop was at the Jail. This is very curious. It is a very deep ravine, the sides of which are ledges forty feet in height. There is no way of getting out except by way of the river, hence the name Jail.

Moose Cave came in for its share of sightseeing next. This is not as its name implies, a cave as much as a gorge. There is an immense ledge, in fact, the whole side of a mountain here, and it looks very much as if by some eruption the side of the mountain had been split, and the part which was severed from the other had fallen back quite a distance, leaving a space about four feet wide and fifty feet deep. Pieces of the ledge have fallen from the mountain and lodged in this space, so that one cannot see the little brook that flows underneath, but if you listen you may hear it. Of course all this happened years and years ago and the rocks are all moss-grown now, but the story of the origin of the name may not be uninteresting.

Once upon a time there was an old Indian huntress called Mollocket. She and a white man used to hunt together. On one of their expeditions they chased a moose over the mountain and down on the side where the cave is, but the moose in attempting to jump the space, fell in. The "exact spot" where he fell is still pointed out and the place is called Moose Cave.

We reached Umbagog at just supper time, hungry as the bears in the fairy story and as one of the party expressed it, "nearly ate Mr. Abbott out of house and home." To tell the truth, we were somewhat fearful of our breakfast the next morning, but without cause, for there appeared the same abundance of food as on the preceding evening, and we voted Mr. Abbott a man of unlimited resources.

The view of the lake from Upton Hill is just delightful. The lake is really fringed with woods, and a mass of trees makes a charming picture at this time of the year. The colors vary from the dark green of the spruce to the light green of the maple. There was not a ripple on the water that evening; the sun had just "gone to his rest" leaving in its place a rosy glow to tell us we were to have a fine day to resume our journey, and surely the old rhyme of "evening red" was not at fault, for we could not have asked for a better day.

As we rode along toward Errol, N. H., we all looked eagerly for Metalluk's Island, for we were all anxious to see the beautiful summer home that Harry Dutton, of the firm of Houghton & Dutton, Boston, is building on the island. We could just catch a glimpse of it among the trees but could not see it as plainly as we wished. As there is a story connected with almost everything in this neighborhood, one of the party asked why it was called Metalluk's Island. Everyone loves a story and so I will give the answer to the question.

Years ago this region was inhabited by Indians. Evidence of this may be seen in the names of lakes, rivers, towns, etc.; for instance, Molechunkemunk Lake, one of the Rangelys, always seemed odd to me. The race gradually died out or else was driven away until only one old Indian, Metalluk and his squaw remained as a reminder of what had been. This old Indian fished, hunted and lived as his forefathers had done. He camped at one place one night and another the next night, but his favorite camping ground was this island. From this came the name. At last one cold winter, and the winters are still very cold in this region, the old squaw was taken sick. It was in vain that Metalluk doctored her with all the medicine which his Indian skill suggested—she died. Poor old Metalluk almost crazed with grief was confronted by a new problem. How was he to bury her? The snow was many feet deep around the camp and so he could not bury her as he otherwise would. You ask what he did? He did just what you would expect an old Indian who knew it would be long before the frost went out of the ground, would do. He rolled her in birch bark and fastened her to the top of the camp, that the smoke from the fire might preserve her! When the spring came and the frost was out of the ground the faithful Indian dug a grave and buried Cheeka. After her death he was never the same.

He had for a long time been blind in one eye, and one day while hauling wood to his camp on the Magalloway River, he ran against the protruding limb of a tree and put out the remaining one. He managed to crawl to his camp where he was found several days after, nearly starved to death. He went to Canada where he died several years afterward.

We had dinner in Errol, at the DeMerritt House, after which we drove to Dixville Notch. It is almost indescribable! We were somewhat disappointed in Grafton Notch when we came through that, and so we were not prepared for any such sight as Dixville.

The mountains of ledges, not trees, rise perpendicularly on each side of the road, which is so narrow that two carriages can hardly pass each other, but there is not room between the mountains for a larger one. On entering the Notch one of the party saw a board on which was marked "The Flume." Near this was a path which we followed, and soon came to "The Flume." If we had not seen the guide-board we would have missed one of the prettiest features of the Notch. The water tumbled down a high precipice and we could not see but what it was as pretty as the flume of the White Mountains.

I cannot describe the Notch and do it justice. We got out of the carriage and walked through, that we might see the better. There are peaks and peaks rising hundreds of feet in the air, and on the ground are huge boulders that have fallen from the mountains, but are split in thousands of pieces.

Besides the Notch itself, there are other curiosities. One of these is the Table Rock. There are stone steps all the way up to this, but we did not have time to ascend the steps. There are several profile rocks on which one can trace the features of different animals. When we reached the end of the Notch we decided that there were more sights still to be seen. Just below us was a little valley, and in it was the fine hotel, "The Balsams," or as it was formerly called, "The Dixie House." The buildings presented a very pretty appearance and so we decided to drive around them. We did so

and it was not a case of "distance ends enchantment," but we could not stay long, for the sun was sinking lower and lower in the west, so we hurried back for a last admiring look at the Notch. As we drove through again someone observed that it only wanted an "Old Man of the Mountain" to make it the White Mountains. On this all began to look about to try to discover something bearing a resemblance to a human face. At last we found that by looking a certain way we could make out all the features except the chin. It was not until afterwards however, that we learned that this really was called the "Old Man of the Mountain," and that the lower part of the face had fallen off. We drove back to the DeMerritt House having ridden thirty-five miles that day. At this hotel we were very hospitably entertained and congratulated ourselves on our good success in finding entertaining landlords.

The next morning we were up bright and early that we might start for Berlin, N. H., thirty-five miles from there. We were told that for the first part of the drive we had to go thirteen miles through the woods before we came to a house. We expected this would be very lonesome, but we really enjoyed it, and wished all the way were like it. But it was not thirteen miles without people, for as we came around a turn in the road, a logging camp came to view. This was a novel sight and one we had not expected. The men were engaged in getting dinner when we came. We saw the shed made of logs where the horses were kept, and the tents where the men slept, and "went on our way rejoicing," rejoicing that we did not have to work that hot day.

We had dinner at the Chandler House in Dummer, N. H. They had the queerest advertising cards. They read something like this:

"WHAT SECOND CLASS? CERTAIN! THE ONLY SECOND CLASS HOTEL IN U. S. CHANDLER HOUSE DUMMER, N. H. Famous at home and abroad for its Hard Beds, Poor Table and Insufficient Service. Terms, the only thing first-class, under the mismanagement of JOHN H. CHANDLER. Well known as the Stingiest Man in N. H."

On the other side of the card were several little valuable pieces of advice to the guests as:

"If the bell in your room is broken, ring the towel.
Guests having nightmare will find the harness in the closet."

We reached Berlin that night without any more experiences, tired, dusty, hot, and sunburned so we looked like lobsters. However, we had a very good hotel, "The Berlin House." Berlin is the most picturesque little city I ever saw. Picturesque is just the word that expresses it. It is entirely hemmed in by mountains, in fact, looks exactly as if it had been dropped from the clouds into this little valley. The great Berlin paper mills are here, and they are really what has made the city. These mills supply the paper for almost all the great Boston newspapers.

The next morning we started for home about thirty miles away. The first part of the ride was uneventful, but after we got into Shelburne, N. H., we saw the prettiest residence we had seen anywhere. Several wealthy men have summer homes here which are very pretty. One was the "Stone House," a house and barn made entirely of small stones cemented

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IN HIS STEPS.

"What Would Jesus Do?"

By CHARLES M. SHELDON.

(Copyrighted and published in book form by the Advance Publishing Co. of Chicago.)

"I knew you would," replied the bishop quietly, "and I came in this evening to say that I shall be obliged to do the same with my charge."

Dr. Bruce turned and walked up to his friend. They were both laboring under repressed excitement.

"Is it necessary in your case?" asked Bruce.

"Yes. Let me state my reasons. Probably they are the same as yours. In fact, I am sure they are." The bishop paused a moment, then went on with increasing feeling:

"Calvin, you know how many years I have been doing the work of my position, and you know something of the responsibility and the care of it. I do not mean to say that my life has been free from burden bearing or sorrow, but I have certainly led what the poor and desperate of this sinful city would call a very comfortable—yes, a very luxurious—life. I have a beautiful house to live in, the most expensive food, clothing and physical pleasures. I have been able to go abroad at least a dozen times and have enjoyed for years the beautiful companionship of art and letters and music and all the rest of the very best. I have never known what it meant to be without money or its equivalent, and I have been unable to silence the question of late, 'What have I suffered for the sake of Christ?' Paul was told what great things he must suffer for the sake of his Lord. Maxwell's position at Raymond is well taken when he insists that to walk in the steps of Christ means to suffer. Where has my suffering come in? The petty trials and annoyances of my clerical life are not worth mentioning as sorrows or suffering. Compared with Paul or any of the Christian martyrs or early disciples, I have lived a luxurious, sinful life, full of ease and pleasure. I cannot endure this any longer. I have that within me which late rises in overwhelming condemnation of such a following of Jesus. I have not been walking in his steps. Under the present system of church and social life I see no escape from this condemnation except to give the rest of my life personally to the actual physical and soul needs of the wretched people in the worst part of this city."

The bishop had risen now and walked over to the window. The street in front of the house was as light as day, and he looked out at the crowds passing, then turned, and, with a passionate utterance that showed how deep the volcanic fire in him burned, he exclaimed:

"Calvin, this is a terrible city in which we live. Its misery, its sin, its selfishness, appall my heart, and I have struggled for years with the sickening dread of the time when I should be forced to leave the pleasant luxury of my official position to put my life into contact with the modern paganism of this century. The awful condition of the girls in the great department stores, the brutal selfishness of the insolent society, fashion and wealth that ignores all the sorrows of the city, the fearful curse of the drink and gambling hell, the wail of the unemployed, the hatred of the church by countless men who see in the church only great piles of costly stone and upholstered furniture and the minister as a luxurious idler, all this vast tumult of this vast torrent of humanity with its false and its true ideas, its exaggeration of evils in the church and its bitterness and shame that are the result of many complex causes—all this as a total fact, in its contrast with the easy, comfortable life I have lived, fills me more and more with a sense of mingled terror and self accusation. I have heard the words of Jesus many times lately, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of these least, my brethren, ye did it not to me.' And when have I personally visited the prisoner or the desperate of the sinful in any way that has actually caused me suffering? Rather I have followed the conventional, soft habits of my position and have lived in the society of the rich, refined, aristocratic members of my congregations. Where has the suffering come in? What have I suffered for Jesus' sake? Do you know, Calvin?"

The bishop turned abruptly toward his friend—"I have been tempted of late to leave myself with a scourge. If I had lived in Martin Luther's time, I would have bared my back to a self-inflicted torture."

Dr. Bruce was very pale. Never had he seen the bishop or heard him when under the influence of such a passion. There was a sudden silence in the room. The bishop had sat down again and bowed his head. Dr. Bruce spoke at last:

"Edward, I do not need to say that you have expressed my feelings also. I have been in a similar position for years. My life has been one of comparative luxury. I do not, of course, mean to say that I have not had trials and discouragements and burdens in my church ministry, but I cannot say that I have suffered any for Jesus. That I have suffered for you, leaving you an example that you should follow his steps." I have lived in luxury. I do not know what it means to want. I also have had my leisure for travel and beautiful companionship. I have been surrounded by soft, easy comforts of civilization. The sin and misery of this great city have been like waves against the stone walls of my church and of this house in which I live, and I have hardly heeded them. I have reached a point where I cannot endure this any longer. I am not condemning the church. I love her. I am not forsaking the church. I believe in her mission and have no desire to de-

stroy. Least of all, in the step I am about to take, do I desire to be charged with abandoning the Christian fellowship, but I feel I must resign my place as pastor of Nazareth Avenue church in order to satisfy myself that I am walking as I ought to walk in his steps. In this action I judge no other ministers and pass no criticism on others' discipleship, but I feel as you do. Into a closer contact with the sin and shame and degradation of this great city I

However the bishop may have satisfied himself that there ought to be nothing so remarkable about it all, the public continued to talk and the churches to record their astonishment that two such men, so prominent in the ministry, should leave their comfortable homes, voluntarily resign their pleasant social positions and enter upon a life of hardship, of self denial and actual suffering, Christian America! Is it a reproach upon the form of our discipleship that the exhibition of actual suffering for Jesus on the part of those who walk in his steps always provokes astonishment, as at the sight of something very unusual?

Nazareth Avenue church parted from its pastor with regret for the most part, although the regret was modified by some relief on the part of those who had refused to take the pledge. Dr. Bruce carried with him the respect of men who, entangled in business in such a way that obedience to the pledge would have ruined them, still held in their deeper, better natures a genuine admiration for courage and consistency. They had known Dr. Bruce many years as a kindly, safe man, but the thought of him in the light of sacrifice of this sort was not familiar to them. As fast as they understood it they gave their pastor the credit of being absolutely true to his recent convictions as to what following Jesus meant. Nazareth Avenue church has never lost the impulse of that movement started by Dr. Bruce. Those who went with him in making the promise breathed into the church the very breath of divine life and are continuing that life giving work at the present time.

It was fall again, and the city faced another hard winter. The bishop one afternoon came out of the settlement and walked around the block, intending to go on a visit to one of his new friends in the district. He had walked about four blocks when he was attracted by a shop that looked different from the others. The neighborhood was still quite new to the bishop, and every day he discovered some strange spot or stumbled upon some unexpected humanity.

The place that attracted his notice was a small house close by a Chinese laundry. There were two windows in the front, very clean, and that was remarkable, to begin with. Then inside the window was a tempting display of cookery, with prices attached to the various articles, that made the bishop wonder somewhat, for he was familiar by this time with many facts in the life of the people once unknown to him.

As he stood looking at the windows the door between them opened, and Felicia Sterling came out.

"Felicia," said the bishop, "When did you move into my parish without my knowledge?"

"How did you find me so soon?" asked Felicia.

"Why, don't you know? These are the only clean windows in the block."

"I believe they are," replied Felicia, with a laugh that did the bishop good to hear.

"But why have you dared to come to Chicago without telling me, and how have you entered my diocese without my knowledge?" asked the bishop, and Felicia looked so like that beautiful, clean, educated, refined world he once knew that he might be pardoned for seeing in her something of the old paradise, although, to speak truth for the bishop, he had no desire to go back to it again.

"Well, dear bishop," said Felicia, who had always called him so whenever they had met, "I know how over-whelmed you were with your work. I did not want to burden you with my plans, and, besides, I am going to offer you my services. Indeed I was just on my way to see you and ask your advice. I am settled here for the present with Mrs. Bacon, a saleswoman who rents our three rooms, and with one of Rachel's music pupils, who is being helped to a course in violin by Virginia Page. She is from the people," continued Felicia, using the words "from the people" so gravely and unconsciously that the bishop smiled, "and I am keeping house for her and at the same time beginning an experiment in pure food for the masses. I am an expert, and I have a plan I want you to admire and develop. Will you, dear bishop?"

"Indeed I will," replied the bishop. The sight of Felicia and her remarkable vitality, enthusiasm and evident purpose almost bewildered him.

"Martha can help at the settlement with her violin, and I will help with my messes. You see, I thought I would get settled first and work out something and then come with some real thing to offer. I'm able to earn my own living now."

"You are?" The bishop said it a little incredulously. "How? Making those things?"

"Those things?" said Felicia, with a show of indignation. "I would have you know, sir, that 'those things' are the best cooked, purest food products in this whole city."

"I don't doubt it," said the bishop hastily, while his eyes twinkled. "Still, the 'proof of the pudding'—You know the rest."

"Come in and try some," exclaimed Felicia. "You poor bishop! You look as if you hadn't had a good meal for a month."

She insisted on the bishop's entering the little front room where Martha, a little awake girl with short curly hair and an unmistakable air of music about her, was busy with practice.

"Go right on, Martha. This is the bishop. You have heard me speak of

him so often. Sit down here and let me give you a taste of the fleshpots of Egypt, for I believe you have been actually fasting."

So Felicia and the bishop had an improvised lunch, and the bishop, who, to tell the truth, had not taken time for weeks to enjoy his meals, feasted on the delight of his unexpected discovery and was able to express his astonishment and gratification at the quality of the cookery.

Most comely personally, and I know that to do that I must sever my immediate connection with Nazareth Avenue church. I do not see any other way for myself to suffer for his sake as I feel that I ought to suffer."

Again that sudden silence fell over these two men. It was no ordinary action they were deciding. They had both reached the same conclusion by the same reasoning, and they were too thoughtful, too well accustomed to the measuring of conduct, to underestimate the seriousness of their position.

"What is your plan?" The bishop at last spoke gently, looking up with his smile that always beautified his face. The bishop's face grew in glory now every day.

"My plan," replied Dr. Bruce slowly, "is, in brief, the putting of myself into the center of the greatest human need I can find in this city and living there. My wife is fully in accord with me. We have already decided to find a residence in that part of the city where we can make our personal lives count for the most."

"Let me suggest a place." The bishop was on fire now. His fine face actually glowed with the enthusiasm of the movement in which he and his friend were inevitably embarked. He went on and unfolded a plan of such far-reaching power and possibility that Dr. Bruce, capable and experienced as he was, felt amazed at the vision of a greater soul than his own.

They sat up late and were as eager and even glad as if they were planning for a trip together to some rare land of unexplored travel. Indeed the bishop said many times afterward that the moment his decision was reached to live the life of personal sacrifice he had chosen he suddenly felt an uplifting, as if a great burden was taken from him. He was exultant. So was Dr. Bruce from the same cause.

Their plan as it finally grew into a workable fact was in reality nothing more than the renting of a large building formerly used as a warehouse for a brewery, reconstructing it and living in it themselves in the very heart of a territory where the saloon ruled with power, where the tenement was its filthiest, where vice and ignorance and shame and poverty were congested into hideous forms. It was not a new idea. It was an idea started by Jesus Christ when he left his Father's house and forsook the riches that were his in order to get nearer humanity and, by becoming a part of its sin, help to draw humanity apart from its sin. The university settlement idea is not modern. It is as old as Bethlehem and Nazareth, and in this particular case it was the nearest approach to anything that would satisfy the hunger of these two men to suffer for Christ. There had sprung up in them at the same time a longing that amounted to a passion to get nearer the great physical poverty and spiritual destitution of the mighty city that thrived around them. How could they do this except as they became a part of it, as nearly as one man can become a part of another's misery? Where was the suffering to come in unless there was an actual self denial of some sort? And what was to make that self denial apparent to themselves or any one else unless it took this concrete, actual, personal form of trying to share the deepest suffering and sin of the city?

So they reasoned for themselves, not judging others. They were simply keeping their own pledge to do as Jesus would do, as they honestly judged he would do. That was what they had promised. How could they quarrel with the result? They were irresistibly compelled to do what they were planning to do.

The bishop had money of his own. Every one in Chicago knew that the bishop had a handsome fortune. Dr. Bruce had acquired and saved by literary work carried on in connection with his parish duties more than a comfortable competence. This money, a large part of it, the two friends agreed to put at once into the work, most of it into the furnishing of a settlement house.

Meanwhile Nazareth Avenue church was experiencing something never known before in all its history. The simple appeal on the part of its pastor to his members to do as Jesus would do had created a sensation that still continued. The result of that appeal was very much the same as in Henry Maxwell's church in Raymond, only Nazareth Avenue church was far more aristocratic, wealthy and conventional. Nevertheless when one Sunday morning in early summer Dr. Bruce came into his pulpit and announced his resignation the sensation deepened all over the city, although Dr. Bruce had advised with his board of trustees, and the movement he intended was not a matter of surprise to them.

But when it became publicly known that the bishop also had announced his retirement from the position he had held so long in order to go and live himself in the center of the worst part of Chicago the public astonishment reached its height.

"But why," the bishop replied to one valued friend who had almost with tears tried to dissuade him from his purpose—"why should what Dr. Bruce and I propose to do seem so remarkable a thing, as if it were unheard of that a doctor of divinity and a bishop should want to save souls in this particular manner. If we were to resign our charges for the purpose of going to Bombay or Hongkong or any place in Africa, the churches and the people would exclaim at the heroism of missions. Why should it seem so great a

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at last your friends say, 'How bald he is getting.'

Not easy to cure an old baldness, but easy to stop the first thinning, easy to check the first falling out. Used in time,

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thing if we have been led to give our lives to help rescue the heathen and the lost of our own city in the way we are going to try? Is it, then, such a tremendous event that two Christian ministers should be not only willing but eager to live close to the misery of the world in order to know it and realize it? Is it such a rare thing that love of humanity should find this particular form of expression in the rescue of souls?"

"I thought you would at least say it was as good as the meals you used to get at the Auditorium at the big banquets," said Felicia slyly.

"As good as!" The Auditorium banquets were simply husks compared to this one, Felicia. But you must come to the settlement. I want you to see what we are doing. And I am simply astonished to find you here earning your living this way. I begin to see what your plan is. You can be of infinite help to us. You don't really mean that you will live here and help these people to know the value of good food?"

"Indeed I do," Felicia answered gravely. "That is my gospel. Shall I not follow it?"

"Aye, aye! You're right. Bless God for sense like yours. When I left the world"—the bishop smiled at the phrase—"they were talking a good deal about the 'new woman.' If you are one of them, I am a convert right now and here."

"Flattery still! Is there no escape from it even in the slums of Chicago?" Felicia laughed again, and the bishop's heart, heavy though it had grown during several months of vast sin bearing, rejoiced to hear it. It sounded good. It was good. It belonged to God.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Parent's Cares. A Voice in the Dark—Papa, please give me a drink of water. I'm so thirsty.

"No; you're not thirsty. Turn over and go to sleep."

A pause.

"Papa, won't you please give me a drink? I'm so thirsty."

"If you don't turn over and go to sleep, I'll get up and whip you."

Another pause.

"Papa, won't you please gimme a drink when you get up to whip me?"—TIT-BITS.

Neither.

"In order to settle a little bet," the young man said, passing a ring over the showcase, "please tell me whether the correct pronunciation of the name of the stone in that ring is turquoise or turkwolpe."

The jeweler inspected it and handed it back.

"The correct pronunciation is glass," he said.—Chicago Tribune.

Needed Cheering.

Husband—Smileson's wife is away, and I'm going over there this evening to cheer him up.

Wife—Why don't you bring him here?

Husband—Well—er—I'm not feeling very well and need a little cheering up myself.—New York Weekly.

An Important Matter.

"Elizabeth scared us all nearly to death by sending back a telegram."

"Had she forgotten something?"

"No. She wired us not to eat all the apple butter while she was gone."

Detroit Free Press.

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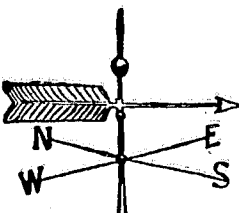
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DR. J. F. TRUE & CO., AUBURN, ME.

GEMS IN VER

OLD FAVORITES

The Sabbath.

How still the morning of the hallowed Mute is the voice of rural labor, hushed The plowboy's whistle and the miller's The way the lies gliding in the dew of of toiled grass, mingled with fading That yesternorn bloomed waving in the Sounds the most faint attract the ear Of early bee, the trickling of the dew The distant bleating, midway up the Calmness sits shrouded on yon unmoving To him who wanders o'er the upland hill The blackbird's note comes mellowing late;

And sweeter from the sky the gladness Warbles his heaven-und song; the lull Murmurs more gently down deep vales While from yon lowly roof, whose eaves O'ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals The voice of psalms, the simple song of With dovetail wings Peace o'er yon hill The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the an Hath ceased; all, all around is quietude Less fearful on this day, the limping lile Stops, and looks back, and stops, a man.

Her deadliest foe. The toll-vorn horns Unheeded of the pasture, roam at large And as his stiff, unwieldy bulk he rolls His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the moon—James

Man's Mortality.

Like as the dappled rose you see, Or like the blossom on the tree, Or like the daisy flower in May, Or like the morning of the day, Or like the sun, or like the shade, Or like the gourd which Jonas ate, Even such is man; whose time is lo Drawn out, and cut, and so is do The rose withers, the blossom blies The flower fades, the morning hies The sun sets, the shadow flies, The gourd consumes—and man h

Like to the grass that's newly sown, Or like a tale that's new begun, Or like the bird that's here to-day, Or like the peared dove of May, Or like an hour, or like a span, Or like the singing of a swan, Even such is man; whose time is lo Is here, now there, in life and d The grass withers, the tale is en The bird is flown, the dew's asc The hour is short, the span is lo The swan's near death—man's li

—Sim

The Hen.

A famous hen's my story's theme Which ne'er was known to tire Of laying eggs, but then she'd so So loud o'er every egg, could I The house must be on fire. A turkey-cock, who ruled the w A wiser bird and older, Could bear't no more, so off did Right to the hen, and told a "Madam, that scream, I appreh Add nothing to the matter; It surely helps the egg no whit; Then, in the hen, and does not I pray, you, madam, as a friend, Cease that superfluous clatter! You know not how't goes through "Humph, very lowly!" madam Then, proudly putting forth a le "Uneducated barnyard fowl! You know, no more than any of The noble privilege and praise Of authority in modern days— I'll tell you why I do it: First, you perceive, I lay the egg And then—review it."

—From th

Off in the Stilly Night

Off in the stilly night, Ere slumber's chain has bound Fond Memory brings the light Of other days around me. The smiles, the tears, Of boyhood's years, The words of love then spok The eyes that shone in glo Now dimmed and gone, The cheerful hearts now bro Thus in the stilly night, Ere slumber's chain has bound Fond Memory brings the light Of other days around me.

When I remember all The friends so linked together I've seen around me fall, Like leaves in wintry weather, I feel like one Who reads alone Some banquet-hall deserted, Whose lights are fled, Whose garlands are decayed, And all but he departed. Thus in the stilly night, Ere slumber's chain has bound Fond Memory brings the light Of other days around me.

—Thom

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GEMS IN VERSE.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Sabbath.

How still the morning of the hallowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labor, hushed
The plowboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.
The wren lies gliding in the dewy wreath
Of luscious grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yesterday bloomed waving in the breeze;
Sounded the most faint attract the ear, the hum
Of early bees, the trickling of the dew.
The distant bleating, midway up the hill,
Calmness sits shrouded on your moving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas
The blackbird's note comes mellow from the trees.

And sweeter from the sky the glad lark
Varbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down deep worn gien;
From you lowly rook, whose circling smoke
Envelops the mist, is heard at intervals
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.
With dove-like wings Peace o'er you village broods;
The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din
Hath ceased; all, all around is quietude.
Less fearful on this day, the limping hare
Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man.

Her deadliest foe. The toll-worn horse, set free,
Unheeded of the pasture, roams at large;
And as his stiff, unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.
—James Graham.

Man's Mortality.

Like as the daisy rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the daisy flower in May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had—
For such is man; whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blineth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes—and man he dies!

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here today,
Or like the perished dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan—
Even such is man—who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,
The hour is short, the span is long,
The swan's last death—man's life is done!
—Simon Westell.

The Hen.

A famous hen's my story's theme,
Which ne'er was known to tire
Of laying eggs, but then she'd scream
And o'er every egg, 'twould seem
The house must be on fire.
A turkey-cock, who ruled the walk,
A wiser bird and older,
Could bear no more, so off did stalk
Right to the hen, and told her
"Madam, that scream, I apprehend,
Adds nothing to the matter;
It surely helps the egg no whit;
Then lay your egg, and done with it!
I pray, you, madam, as a friend,
Cease that superfluous clatter!
You know not how't goes through my head."
"Humph, very likely!" madam said,
Then, proudly putting forth a leg—
"Uneducated barnyard fowl!
You know, no more than any owl,
The noble privilege and praise
Of authorship in modern days—
I'll tell you why I do it:
First, you perceive, I lay the egg,
And then—review it."
—From the German.

Off in the Stilly Night.

Off in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken.
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.
When I remember all
The friends so linked together
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who stands alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.
—Thomas Moore.

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WOMAN'S WORLD.

A FAIR KLONDIKER.

Over the Yukon Trail to a Laundry in Dawson City.

The frigid Yukon is as familiar to Miss Edith Howe as the Hudson to New York excursionists. This young woman has been up and down that river road to Dawson City and the Klondike lots of times.

Miss Howe has returned to her home in Rapid City, S. D., for a brief rest to recuperate from an attack of typhoid fever. Then she'll go back to her prosperous laundry in Dawson and continue to make money.

The experience of her life was a trip which she made alone down the river from Dawson City in midwinter with



MISS EDITH HOWE.

her dog team. The thermometer was often 50 degrees below zero, and yet she never experienced a moment's inconvenience from the cold.

She was clad warmly in a suit of buckskin, and in her sleeve she carried a silk handkerchief. She walked in front of her dogs, and when she felt her face tingling she would rub the spot vigorously with her handkerchief, which always brought back the circulation of the blood. She made the 400 miles in 14 drives, which was considered unusually good.

At one time she hired out to a dredging company at White Horse as a correspondent. She was to receive \$3,000 a year to write descriptive articles of the company's operations for a boom in the papers of the United States.

She discovered that it was a fake and quit. Purchasing a dog team, she went to Dawson City, where she secured the laundry contract of the Canadian mounted police, which paid her \$300 a month. She was permitted to take work from civilians, which also brought in a good income.

Health and Beauty.
The popular idea that electric light is injurious to the hair is a great mistake, according to one woman of investigating turn of mind. She has been experimenting lately on the effect of electric light on the hair and has come to the conclusion that if you want to have abundant and glossy locks electric light will help you powerfully to obtain them. Electric light has very much the effect of sunlight on the scalp. People who live an outdoor life, particularly in sunny southern lands, are generally blessed with good hair, and the conclusion is that sunlight is beneficial to it.

She believes that electric light will cure almost any case of baldness and hair falling in from 2 to 12 months. Her directions are to keep the scalp immaculately clean and to sit for an hour or more each day beneath an incandescent lamp. It is well to have a common green shade over the lamp, so as to focus all the light upon the head beneath. She also recommends a bracing up of the general system by fresh air and exercise to increase the efficiency of the treatment.

Queen Wilhelmina's Godchild.

The little baby to whom the queen of Holland is to stand sponsor is likely to be doubly related to her, for as grandson of the king of Wurttemberg this tiny heir to the hereditary Prince of Wied is her second cousin, while if, as it is now definitely stated, her betrothal to Prince William of Wied is to be formally announced after her visit to Berlin she will likewise become aunt by marriage to the little lad, who will be one of the richest princes in Europe. It is an open secret that had there been an English prince to come a-wooing Queen Wilhelmina would have certainly listened to him in preference to a German. She sincerely admires Englishmen and has always had a great admiration for her young cousin, the Duke of Albany, who is a thorough English boy in manner and thought, but unhappily we have no prince to send to the feet of the young queen, and she cannot much longer delay the inevitable matrimonial arrangement against which she has so long held out.

—Exchange.

Tea at the League.

Appropos of the Professional Woman's league, they have inaugurated a delightful custom of serving tea in their rooms, at 1500 Broadway, every afternoon. It makes it seem a more comfortable place to lounge away part of the afternoon between matinees, shopping and dinner. It places it more on a par with a man's club, where he goes to throw off care and spend a social evening. Usually women take their clubs very seriously, and a club day means one of work and toil. The league is unique in its departure.—New York Telegram.

Mrs. "Stonewall" Jackson is needy, in poor health and almost blind at her home in Charlotte, N. C. Money is being raised to aid her by the Daughters of the Confederacy and by camps of veterans. One chapter of the Daughters has already raised \$700 for Mrs. Jackson.

"MEASURING PARTY."

One of our readers inquires how the now popular winter amusement called a "measuring party" is played. This is really a new departure from the old fashioned "progressive euchre," to which every invited guest was supposed to contribute 25 cents, 50 cents or \$1, according to the supposed wealth of the participants, which sum was expended for prizes to be awarded to the winners.

For a "measuring party" a dainty little leaflet is sent out, to which is attached a small silken bag, one color for the gentlemen and another for the ladies. The leaflet can be hand painted by the hostess, or one of those pretty embossed affairs to be purchased at a stationery.

On the outside of the leaflet is written in golden letters, "A Measuring Party," and on the inside the following doggerel:

A measuring party is given to you;
It is something novel as well as new.
The invitation is in the sack
For use in bringing or sending back.
A nickel for every foot you're tall;
Measure yourself on door or wall;
An extra cent for each inch give
And thereby show how high you live.
With music and game, refreshment and pleas-
ure,
We will meet one and all at our party of meas-
ure.

The recipient of one of these leaflets and silken bags, if the invitation is accepted, is to put in the bag as many nickels as he or she is feet high and a penny for every extra inch.

The tallest gentleman and lady receive the first prize and the shortest couple the second. This new amusement is a boon to many a perplexed hostess when at her wits' ends to devise a new game or entertainment, especially when it is a question of keeping a large house party amused.

When to Rouge Was All Right.

In the early years of the century our great-grandmothers heightened their charms without the least hump or concealment. Ladies with powder, rouge and patches received their admirers during the complicated processes of the toilet table, and making up was as much a matter of course as among actors and actresses of the present day. In my own class and time, I am acquainted with one solitary eccentric equally sincere.

"Rouge, my dear?" she says. "Why, of course I rouge."

"But paint is so—so—I should like you better if!"

"Rubbish. I would as soon walk down Piccadilly in my nightgown as walk with my face au naturel. I don't feel decent till I'm touched up."

"But there's something horrid in!"

"The women who don't paint are eaten up with vanity and think they can't be improved. I'm of the opposite opinion and do my humble possible best in the way of enhancement."

"But men desert!"

"I'm not so sure, and I'll confide another secret. No one grows devoted to the art—to be able to subtract five years at a touch, be brilliant and lovely at will or pale and interesting to a fault—for the power of putting it on is child's play to the power of leaving it off. When I particularly want my own way, I have but to wash my face, let down my back hair and lie prone in ivory chignon to make my own terms."

The hardest husband is brought to his bearings by the ravages of such awful visible grief. In his inmost soul he may know the surface comes from the stores, but the evidence of things seen is stronger than fact or imagination."

So I subsided.—Philadelphia Times.

London's Latest Fad.

The very latest fad of London's swell set is to receive and part with guests upon the staircase. The social customs of London usually find their way westward sooner or later. There is very high social authority for the new fashion. It is already many years since the host and hostess met or parted with their guests on the steps of their homes, and since that time this social function has been performed in the hallways, at the doorway of the parlor or in the parlor. The fashionable set of London would now, however, consider this a mark of scant hospitality. The new rules are very exacting. The host and hostess should take up a position about one-third the way up the flight. The host must stand on the outer side next the banister while the hostess takes up a position on the step below toward the wall. Guests on entering the house first pass through the hall, where an attendant relieves them of their wraps. Before entering the rooms or greeting any one they ascend the staircase to be received. After this ceremony the guests retire to the foot of the stairs, and the function proceeds in the usual manner.

Women Need More Quiet.

It seems to me that the up to date-ness on which so many women pride themselves is only another term for unrest, comments one of our sex.

The simple truths, the genuine hospitality of certain homes I know and to which the label "out of style" has been so long attached that it is never thought about or has come to be regarded as an honorable badge, brings a peace and refreshment to all entering there such as no heights of style and ostentation of living could possibly reach.

Our great crying need now, as it has ever been, is for truer homes, homes whose quietness and restfulness shall restore us for the battle and give us new strength and inspiration. She who makes and keeps such a home does more for her generation than if she organized a whole series of benefit clubs. No charity that any woman ever undertook will make adequate excuse for inefficiency as head of her household or as helpmate could she only be persuaded of the fact.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

ONE CONSOLATION.

Could Still Say He Was in the Fifty Dollar Class.

A certain writer, entirely unknown in the literary world, wrote a very spirited poem and, more in jest than otherwise, marked \$50 as the price of it, inclosed it to an editor and calmly awaited its return.

To his great surprise the editor replied, inclosing a check for \$50, "You come high, but we must have you!"

Of course the writer thought his fortune was made. If he got \$50 for that particular poem, why not \$50 for another? He would keep up the price, and he did.

For six months he labeled his productions, "\$50," but they came back to him with painful regularity. Even the editor who first paid him that price didn't try it on again.

He had framed the check for just the satisfaction of looking at it occasionally. But finally he was compelled to cash it in order to satisfy the groceryman, who had no literary leanings.

But he got even at last. He sent off ten poems to different publications, marking them \$5 each. And he sold the ten at that price.

"It's a come down," he said, "a falling with a dull thud, but ten times five is 50. I'm still in the \$50 class!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Cabby's Little Joke.



Small and Nervous Gent—Are you quite sure, cabman, that your horse won't bolt?

Facetious Cabby—Lor', yus! Why, wiv all your weight in the keb, 'e could not bolt ter save 'is life!—Judy.

Question of Love.

"I wonder," he said, "if I ought to be angry?"

"What's happened?" asked his friend.

"Why, I went to her father and said that, because of my deep love for his daughter, I wanted to marry her."

"Well," he said, "because of his deep love for his daughter, he wouldn't permit it. Now, do you think that I ought to be mad or just disappointed?"—Chicago Post.

Disposed to Be Bitter.

"If there is anything I despise," said one diplomat, "it is a practical joke."

"I feel the same way about it," answered the other, as he laid down his newspaper, "and I know what I'm talking about. I was a delegate to the peace conference at The Hague."—Washington Star.

When to Fly High.

First English Sparrow—The legislatures are offering rewards for our heads. Aren't you scared?

Second English Sparrow—No; I shan't worry until they call us game and pass laws to protect us.—New York Weekly.

As to Mibbs.

"Curious about Mibbs, wasn't it? He let everybody run over him for ten years and then spanked up and whipped every fellow that even looked at him."

"Well, it's a long worm that has no turning."—Chicago Tribune.

Always the Other Boy.

"It seems to me that Willie gets into an awful lot of fights. I wonder who is to blame for it all?"

"The other boy, always the other boy," replied Willie's mother, with conviction. "Willie says so himself."—Chicago Post.

How Things Work.

"New shoes make old ones last better."

"What do you mean?"

"When you know you have a new pair in your closet, you feel like wearing the old ones awhile longer."—Chicago Record.

Ballade of Ye Grasping Rat.

"Here's a barrel to select, from," quoth the grasping rat.

"And I'll take the biggest apple in it, too—this rat's!"

He munched his little teeth in the fattest one and then Expeditionally departed toward his cozy den.

But when he reached the entrance he found it quite too small.

The apple he had brought there would not go in at all.

So he left it by the hole, went in himself instead, And a hungry rat that night went supperless to bed.

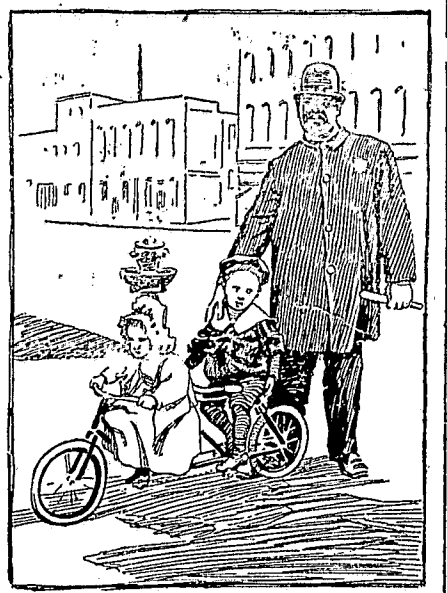
There are other grasping rats—you meet them on the street— You may see them walk erect upon their two hind feet.

The world is full, beloved, of animals today Who have grabbed of more than they can safely put away.

—Chicago Tribune.

A Pair of Baby Cyclists.

Though only a baby 16 months old, Marjorie Trask is already an accomplished bicyclist. At an age when most children can scarcely be trusted with safety out of their mother's arms, she can mount and dismount and thoroughly control her little steel steed. For youthful proficiency her brother Verne, aged 2½ years, is probably her only rival, and the two together form.



READY FOR THE ROAD.

beyond doubt, the youngest tandem pair on record. Seated on their diminutive machine, which had to be specially constructed for them, they look more like fanciful Lilliputians in up to date costume than ordinary, everyday, flesh and blood American children.

Their wheeling tendencies they appear to inherit legitimately from their parents, both of whom are enthusiasts. Their father, Charles A. Trask of Jackson, Mich., who was their instructor and who built their miniature mount, is very proud of his precocious children.

It rests with you whether you continue the nerve-killing tobacco habit. NO-TO-BAC removes the desire for tobacco, without nervous distress, expense, or loss of time. It purifies the blood, restores lost manhood, makes you strong in health, nerve, and spirit. Buy and pocket NO-TO-BAC from your own druggist, who will vouch for us. Take it with food, or with water, persistently. One box, 87 cents; three boxes, \$2.50. Guaranteed to cure, or we refund money. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Montreal, New York.

STOP SMOKING
Pianos At Wholesale Prices
One fully warranted, with Mahogany Case and Mandolin Case Attachment—\$150.00
We Pay The Freight
Oren Hooper's Sons,
"The Household Outfitters" Portland, Me.

Engine and Boiler for Sale.

I have for sale one 12-horse-power boiler and 8-horse-power engine, also one engine lathe, eight-foot bed and 18-inch swing, one wood planer, six-inch drop, all in first-class condition, and will be sold at a bargain. J. C. Billings.

E. E. WHITNEY & Co.

BETHEL ME.

Marble & Granite

Workers.

Chaste Designs.

First-Class workmanship.

Letters of inquiry promptly answered. See our work.

Get our prices.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

E. E. WHITNEY & CO.

Bethel Market!

MEATS.

Chicago Beef, ds. and

Loins, Pork R, oneless

and Pressed Ha, at and

Lamb in their, Ex-

Corned Beef, a and

Fowl, Frank, and

and Sausages.

Oysters.

Providence River

Oysters and Clams.

Fresh Crackers

and Pickles.

Give me my share of your

patronage, and in return I

will give you good goods

and keep a place that will

be a credit as well as an ac-

commodation to all.

C. A. LUCAS, Prop

Opposite G. P. Bean's Store.

WORMS

Hundreds of Children and adults have been cured by True's Pin Worm Elixir. The symptoms are: Itching, with a variable appetite; foul tongue; offensive breath; and full belly with occasional griping and pains about the navel; heat and itching around the rectum; and about the anus; eyes heavy and dull; itching of the nose; sleep, dry cough; grinding of the teeth; starting during sleep; slow fever; and often in children, convulsions.

TRUE'S PIN WORM ELIXIR

Is a potent worm remedy. It has been in use 17 years, is purely vegetable, harmless and does not irritate. Where no worms are present it acts as a tonic and restores the system to health. A positive cure for Convulsions, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all the common complaints of children. Prepared by Dr. J. C. TRUE & CO., Auburn, Me. Special treatment for Tape Worms. Write for free sample.



My Mamma gives me
BROWN'S INSTANT RELIEF,
For Coughs, Colds, Croup, Cholera, Morbus, Dysentery, Grippe, Sore Throat, Diphtheria, etc.
I THINK IT IS REAL NICE TO TAKE.
Prepared by NORWAY MEDICINE CO., Norway, Me.

DON'T HESITATE A MOMENT.



Come and look over our

5000

and more

ROLLS OF NEW

WALL PAPER

AND BORDERS.

High and low quality, in handsome

designs and at the fairest of prices.

We also have a full spring stock of

Carpets, Mattings, and Curtains.

Come and look if you don't wish to

buy now—you may sometime.

N. DAYTON

BOLSTER & CO.

SO. PARIS, MAINE.

E. L. Abbotts & Co.

We keep constantly on stock the

best quality

Corn and

Oats.

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WEDNESDAY, Jan. 3, 1900.

Keep a diary for 1900.

Remember that not 99 years but 100 years make a century, and that, although 1899 is a thing of the past, yet the twentieth century will not have dawned until the earth shall have made one more revolution. We were in our twentieth year when 19 years of our life had passed; we shall be in the twentieth century when 1900 years have passed.

Take your own census before the census taker comes around. Appropriate a little of the time during these pleasant winter evenings and make a few figures, note carefully the amount of butter, eggs, and poultry, vegetables, grain, etc., that you have produced during the past year, have everything in black and white when the census agent appears and the census for 1900 will be less guesswork than have been the preceding ones.

The subject of the Review of Reviews' character sketch for January is Secretary John Hay, who by reason of the death of Vice-President Hobart becomes the successor apparent to the Presidency. The writer of the sketch is Mr. Henry Macfarland, the well-known Washington correspondent, who makes it clear that few men in public life to-day have had so good a training for the Presidency as Mr. Hay in the thirty-nine years that have passed since he became Lincoln's private secretary.

1900 NOT A LEAP YEAR.

Although 1900 is divisible by 4 yet it is not a leap year as our readers are fully aware. Our last leap year was 1896 and another will not occur until 1904.

To make a complete revolution the earth requires 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 49.7 seconds. A common year has only 365 days; hence each common year falls short of a true year 5 hours, 48 minutes, 49.7 seconds. In four years this produces a loss of 23 hours, 15 minutes, 18.8 seconds. As this is so near a day, or 24 hours, one day is added once in 4 years which makes our leap year; this however makes an excess each four years of 44 minutes, 41.2 seconds, and in 100 years an excess of 18 hours, 37 minutes, and 10 seconds; this excess being nearly 24 hours, a day is dropped once in 100 years, which accounts for the loss of one day in the year 1900. But it will be plainly seen that by skipping the day we lose the difference between 18 hours, 37 minutes, 10 seconds and 24 hours, or a day.

"Honest Labor Bears a Lovely Face."

There is nothing more pleasing to look upon than a hearty, ruddy face, gained by honest toil. They are the saving of the nation, these toilers of both sexes, struggling for daily bread.

Pure blood makes them able to keep up the daily round of duty at home, shop or store. If the blood has a taint or impurity, or a run down feeling comes on, the one remedy is Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Medicine for the blood. Poor Blood—My blood was so poor that in hottest weather I felt cold. Hood's Sarsaparilla made me warm. It is the right thing in the right place." Hattie J. Taylor, Woodstown, N. J.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints
Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

22 minutes, and 50 seconds. This loss in 100 years will amount to 4 times as much in 400 years, or 21 hours, 31 minutes, 20 seconds or nearly one day; hence to make up this loss, a day is added once in 400 years; therefore centennial years divisible by 400 are leap years.

STATE NEWS

The girls are ready for any kind of honest work in these days. The Aroostook Times having mentioned that anyone could have free passage to Boston if willing to work his passage by keeping a fire in the potato car, two Brewer young women at once wrote to see about it. They explained that they were not "on the tramp" but were desirous of seeing the sights of Boston and were perfectly willing to attend to a car of potatoes if it would insure a passage. They asked for reference to some shipper of potatoes who would be willing to send them to the city with a car of potatoes, and the petition was laid before a dealer in potatoes who has promised to give the young ladies the desired opportunity of visiting the "Hub."

FIRST MAINE NEWSPAPER.

One hundred and fifteen years ago yesterday, the people of Falmouth and vicinity were reading the first copy of the first newspaper ever published in Maine. It was the Falmouth Gazette and Weekly Advertiser, and it was published by Thomas B. Wait, who previously had been concerned in the publication of the Boston Chronicle and who in 1784 came to Falmouth and opened a stationer's shop, and Benjamin Titcomb, a printer who already was established in Falmouth. It was not just like to-day's copies of Maine newspapers, either in size, printing, news or half-tones, but no doubt it was a wonderful production to its publishers and the public, and its appearance was indeed a notable event. On January 1, 1785, Mr. Titcomb struck off with his own hands, the first sheet ever printed in Maine. At the beginning of the year 1899, one hundred and seventy-nine papers were printed in the State.

TOOK OUT FIRST TRAIN ON P. & R.

Conductor George Berry of the Portland and Rochester railway company, running between Portland and Gorham, also between the Rochester depot and Union Station, was the first conductor to take a train from Portland to Rochester when the road opened up. Mr. Frank H. Cleaver, now a conductor, acted as baggage master and Mr. Albert Sawyer, now a resident of Bar Mills, was the engineer. The train carried an excursion party conducted by Gen. Anderson. A second train was put on later to run from Portland to Springvale, and for three weeks Mr. Berry acted as conductor. This train was afterwards taken by Mr. Samuel Eugerly, who run it regular for some time. Col. Humphrey, owners of Gorham was also one of the conductors who entered the employ of the road in its infancy.

A Delightful Outing.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

together. Not far from this by the roadside was a spring, "St. John's Spring," as the placard said, and around the pipe through which the water came was the same stone work. In back of the spring was a rustic seat. Almost opposite this was the likeness of a whale manufactured from the same kind of stone, which attracted much attention.

We reached Bethel, Me., about supper time without seeing anything else particularly interesting, glad to be at home again. We all voted that although we had traveled a good deal and had "a gay old time," Bethel was the best looking place to our eyes, although perhaps we looked through colored glasses after all, and we were all glad to join with enthusiasm in the spirit of "Home, Sweet Home," Everett, Me., M. F. R.

"Young man," asked the proprietor of the store, who was making the rounds of the various departments, "how can you afford to dress so elaborately and expensively on the salary we pay you?"
"I can't," gloomily answered the salesman. "I ought to have more salary."—Chicago Tribune.

LATE LOCALS.

Mrs. Emma Bragg of Upton was at Mrs. H. H. Bean's yesterday. Arthur G. Wiley went to Brunswick Monday to attend the Bowdoin Medical School. H. B. Chapman killed a 7 months old Berkshire pig for T. F. Hastings which weighed when dressed, 380 pounds.

At the annual meeting of the Bethel Water Co. held last Monday the following officers were elected:

Pres., Enoch Foster, Treas., A. E. Herrick, Directors: Ceylon Rowe, G. A. Hastings, F. W. Sanborn, W. W. Hastings, J. U. Purington.

The installation of officers of Sunset Rebekah Lodge No. 64, I. O. O. F. took place at Odd Fellows Hall, Jan. 1. After singing the following officers-elect were installed into their respective chairs: Miss Martha Gibson, N. G.; Mrs. Alice Farwell, V. G.; Miss Jane Gibson, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Martha A. Hastings, Financial Secretary; Ellen M. Burbank, Treasurer. The following grand officers conducted the installation: Mrs. Ella A. Bryant, D. D. G. M., Miss Jane Gibson, Grand Marshal, Mrs. Anna French, Grand Ward, Mrs. Minnie F. Frost, Grand Secretary, C. C. Bryant, Grand Treasurer. After speaking and singing in which all joined dainty refreshments were served by the ladies. We wish to mention especially during the installation the fine recitation rendered by Miss Ethel Sanborn, also songs by Miss Ruth Bean. A good attendance of members from both orders were present, and a good time enjoyed.

Advertised Letters.

Letters for the following named parties may be found at the post office:

Advertised Dec. 25.

E. P. Brown, H. A. Bradley, Mrs. Mamie Estes, Mrs. J. T. Holt, Mrs. Maria Kimball, Geo. T. Woodward, Jan. 1. Mr. Elie Arsenault, Herbert E. Thurlow, Mrs. Bert Lulkin, Mr. E. C. Bowen.

Married.

In Bethel, Dec. 30, by Rev. F. E. Barton, William C. Bryant of Gilead, and Daisy B. Foster of Bethel.

In Bethel, Jan. 1, by Rev. F. E. Barton, Chas. W. Robertson and Addie Z. Corbett, both of Errol, N. H.

In Bethel, Jan. 1, by Rev. F. E. Barton, David Foster of Bethel, and Lola M. Bryant of Portland.

In New Gloucester, Dec. 23, Guy R. Estes of Norway and Anna P. Bennett.

In Bethel, Jan. 1, Gerry Wells Morgan and Miss Mary Tidswell.

Headache bad? Get Miles' Pain Pills.

Headache bad? Get Dr. Miles' Pain Pills.

Now That the Snow has come, people are needing

HEAVY UNDERWEAR.

Ladies, you will find just what you need for Yourself and Children in Hosiery and Underwear at

E. E. BURNHAM'S.

MAW AS A REFORMER

SHE UNDERTAKES TO CURE THE ICEMAN OF DRINKING.

And Poor Paw, Compelled to Give an Imitation of a Man Answering the Query, "How'd You Like to Be the Iceman?"
"A while ago" the Dockter told maw she Q'd to Drink Beer to Bld up her sistum. But maw sed She didn't bleeve in Haven them kind of things in the house Becoz they mite git fokes in Bad habits.

"Shaw!" paw told Her. "Don't Git to Be a Crapk. I Like to see peepul gro old Gralsful and Not Have a Lot of strange noshuns in thare hed." Maw looked Hurt. But she Didn't say nothing more, and the next Day the Beer Come. It Seemed to Do Maw lots of Good if it only Would of Lasted longer, so she told paw about it, and He was madder than a purson what gits up to Let a Bewtful gurl have his seat and the man standin Behind him sets Down Before she looks around.

Maw thot it was the iceman or Sadie's Bo, and Sadie got mad when maw spoke to Her about it and Sed she wasn't agoin to Live at no place where peepul Didn't no How to Behave when they was Talkin to ladies. But maw rased Her wages a Doler a weak and promised to make us ware our Stockens and undershorts Longer, so Sadie sed she would Give us another trile.

Paw sed if he thot it was the iceman He would make that gent Think a fire was Bilt under him, But thay couldn't ketch him at it.

So maw got another case and told the Dockter about it, and the Dockter says:

"That's all rite. I no How to Stop it."

So he give maw Some little white powder to putt in a Bottel what was in the ice.

"My grashus," maw says, "I Don't want to poison nobuddy and Git in trouble."

"It won't kill them," the Dockter told her. "They'll git Over it in a Fu ours. But after that I don't think you'll need to By so much beer."

"Maw took it and put it in the Bottel and thay was Cumpy come and She forgot all about it till purty Late that nite."

Then all of a sudden paw Looked Skared and says:

"I wonder how it feels when peepul Git the penty Seetus?"

"I Don't Know," maw says, "I never Had it Yit."

"My Hev'uns," paw Hollered, "I feel Like I Had Swallered a Dum Dum Bullet and it was beginnin to Dum."

Maw run out to the ice Box and Looked in, and then She Come Back and paw Looked Like if He was prack-tassin to Be the Indy rubber man on the stage, so maw says:

"Why, paw, ain't you ashamed to act that way Before yoor children? I always like to see peepul Gro old gralsful!"

"Paw unwound himself long enuff to look at maw purty sad, then he Dubbled up agin and Groned and ast maw why she Didn't Send fer the Dockter."

"Oh, I Don't Bleeve thay are ennything the matter with you," maw says. "What's the roost pertendin that way? I see thay are another Bottel of Beer gone, But I Bet the one that Drunk it'll Be sorry purty soon. The Dockter give me sumethink to put in it."

"Was it poison?" paw Hollered, with the Swet Hangin all over His forehead.

"No," maw Sed, "they'll git over it in a Fu ours. I wisht I new whether it was the Iceman or not."

Paw he Crawled up Stares, given a grone every time He took a Step, and when he was neerly to the top maw says:

"Taw!"

"What?" paw ast.

"Ain't it nice to Gro old Gralsful?"

Paw Didn't say nothin But give the Dore a Slam what neerly nocked the plaster off.

Maw told the Dockter yistady that the Iceman must of sined the pledge.—George in Chicago Times-Herald.

Between Friends.

"Yes," said the girl who had just received a legacy, "he has asked me to marry him."

"Dear me!" replied her dearest friend. "Is he so much in need of money as all that?"—Chicago Post.

Distress In Essentials.

"Diamonds have gone up since the South African war opened."

"Goodness! Are they any higher than coal?"—Detroit Free Press.

A Decorative Paradox.

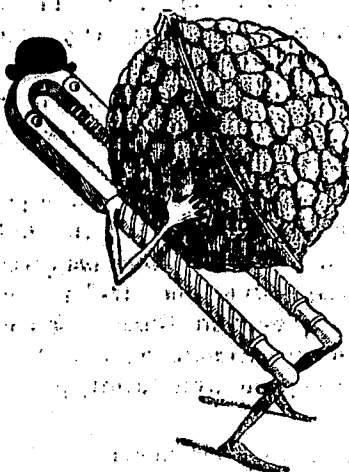
"General White can't expect the Victoria cross."

"No; he's got her cross already."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He Didn't Dawnee.

He—Do you dawnee?
She—who has been informed that he is a bore)—No.
He—Neither do I. Let's spend the evening just talking to each other.

A Hard Nut to Crack



is the fact that while this store is not in any way like the "spread eagle" style of bargain store that offers good values to-day at low prices and to-morrow charges more. We have made and for years maintained a reputation for selling the very best in

Furniture, Carpets and Draperies

At the most reasonable prices.

Bradford, Conant & Co.,

199-203 Lisbon St., LEWISTON, ME.

OVERSTOCKED

Owing to a backward season, I am, overstocked. Now a SLAUGHTER SALE is in order.

Dress Goods.	Ladies' and Children's Jackets.
\$2.00 Crepons, now,	\$1.60 25 per cent. Discount.
1.75 " "	1.37 \$10.00 Jackets, now,
1.50 " "	1.19 5.00 " "
1.25 " "	1.00 Others same proportion.
1.00 Colored Novelties,	.75

Shawls 33 per cent Discount.

Men's, Youths', and Boys' Winter Suits and Overcoats Slaughtered.

\$5.00 Suits this Sale,	\$3.75
6.00 and \$6.50 Suits, this Sale,	4.89
7.00 " 7.50 " " "	5.59
8.00 " 8.50 " " "	6.39
10.00, 10.50, and \$11.00 Suits, this Sale,	7.98

Overcoats and Reefers, same proportion.

LARGEST STOCK OF HOLIDAY GOODS. COME IN AND YOU WILL BUY.

Yours respectfully,

L. B. ANDREWS,
SOUTH PARIS, ME.

For Christmas Gifts

Something useful is best.

You will find what you need in Ladies' Handkerchiefs, Shopping Bags, Fascinators, Boas, Muffs, Purses, Gloves and Mittens; Gents' Neckties, Mufflers, Linen and Silk Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Collars and Cuffs, Knives, Match Safes, Gloves, Mittens and Wristers; Ladies', Men's, and Boys' Slippers, Ladies', Misses', and Gents' Overshoes, also a good line of Stationery, Hand Mirrors, Brushes, and many other articles too numerous to mention. Call and examine them.

CEYLON ROWE,

BETHEL, MAINE.

Fur Coats

BEST ASSORTMENT

Fur Robes

AND

LOWEST PRICES

Horse Blankets in all Grades and Styles

Attention is again called to a stock food I am selling. You can't afford to be without it. If it don't prove satisfactory it costs nothing to try it.

Come in and let me tell you about it.

YOUNG'S @ HARNESS STORE

The place to buy GLENWOOD RANGES

AND HEATERS, Wood and Coal FURNACES, Hardware, Tinware, Dynamite and Powder, Iron and Steel, BERRY Paint, PRINCE'S Tinted Lead, White Lead, Linseed Oil Guns, Ammunition, Lumbermen's Supplies, Lubricating and Kerosene Oils, etc., etc., is of

STANLEY BISBEE,

Telephone 7-2. RUMFORD FALLS, ME.

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MISS E. E. BURNHAM,
Millinery, Fancy Goods and Jewelry,
BETHEL, ME.

HERRICK & PARK,
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H. H. HASTINGS,
Attorney-at-Law,
Bethel office. Bethel, Me.

Frye office.
A. W. GROVE,
Pension Attorney,
28 Main St., - BETHEL, MAINE.
Office days the last three of each week.

DR. J. G. Gehring,
Physician and Surgeon
Bethel, Me.
Office at residence on Broad St.

J. B. TWADDELL, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
BETHEL, ME.
Been in actual practice 22 years.

DR. Gardiner L. Sturdivant,
Physician and Surgeon,
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E. E. RANDALL,
Custom Boot & Shoe Maker
All kinds of repairing
promptly attended to.
Main Street, BETHEL, ME.

A. Z. CATES,
Registered - Apothecary,
Rumford Falls, Maine.
All orders by mail or express receive
prompt attention.
All business strictly confidential.
All correspondence answered.

The Shaw College
and *Shorthand School*
PORTLAND, AUGUSTA BANGOR and
HOUSTON, ME.
Actual business by mail and railroad. In-
struction by mail a specialty. Department of
telegraphy. Book keepers, clerks and stenog-
raphers furnished to business men. Free cat-
alogues.
F. L. SHAW, PRES., PORTLAND, ME.

Morrison's English Liniment.
You have doubtless heard of
Morrison's English Liniment. If
you have, you have heard of one of
the greatest liniments for horse-
flesh that ever was put upon the
market. Don't think this is all
blow. The James W. Foster Co. of
Bath, N. H. stand back of the state-
ment and guarantee what they say
to be true. Buy just one bottle
and use it according to directions
and be convinced that it has no
equal. For sale by G. R. Wiley
and J. A. Thurston, Bethel; A. S.
Bean, West Bethel, and Frank
Blasbee, Newry.

Have You Heard Of It?

You may have heard
about SCOTT'S EMULSION
and have a vague notion
that it is cod-liver oil with
its bad taste and smell and
all its other repulsive fea-
tures. It is cod-liver oil, the
purest and the best in the
world, but made so palata-
ble that almost everybody
can take it. Nearly all
children like it and ask for
more.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

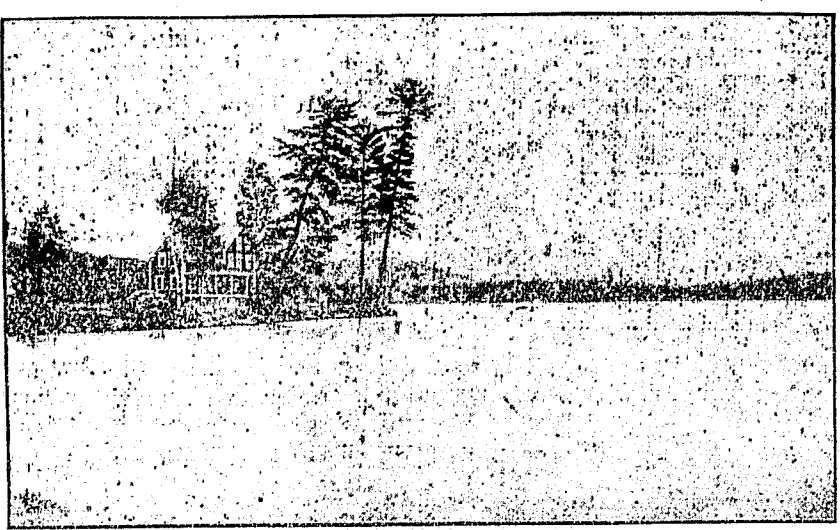
looks like cream; it nour-
ishes the wasted body of
the baby, child or adult
better than cream or any
other food in existence. It
bears about the same rela-
tion to other emulsions that
cream does to milk. If you
have had any experience
with other so-called "just as
good" preparations, you
will find that this is a fact.

The hypophosphites that are
combined with the cod-liver oil
give additional value to it because
they tone up the nervous system
and impart strength to the whole
body.

For sale at all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

25 CTS. **WISSE'S CURE FOR** 25 CTS.
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use
in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

VIEW ON RICHARDSON LAKE.



SHOPPING
IN
CUBA
How
The Independent
Merchants
Of Matanzas Do
Business.
—BY—
KATE JORDAN.

During the shortest walk on a Cuban street you are sure to hear some vender crying his wares. Here comes an egg seller with his "Huevos frescos!" The notes are sweet and high, with a falsetto trill on the last syllable. He comes down the middle of the street, holding a wooden tray before him, with the precious eggs, which just now, owing to Cuba's devitalized condition, are selling at 8 and 10 cents apiece, arranged in careful lines.

A dairyman turns the corner. He has two mules on a string. More often he has three. Each of them bears sacks of cane matting filled with milk cans. He sits sideways on the first, and his insistent chant is interrupted by yells of command and the flick of a lash to the mules following.

The wood carrier who rolls his barrow into the next street is littered with splinters and shavings. He moves his old head as if with palsy and keeps up a monotonous, rolling song.

Sweetest of all, a minor, barbaric wail which Saxon tongue cannot easily imitate: is the appealing song of the fruit merchant. His shoulders are weighted by the heavy banana stalks, and the mule which jogs beside him has pineapples and yams distending the great pouches falling on each side of his back.

I once heard the cry of a fruit seller in a lonely lane, in a weird, yellow twilight, in the shadow of the grim hospital of Santa Isabel, with the bar sinister of recent yellow fever upon it and a ruined casa beside his waiting mule. It was as if a grave opened and a voice spoke, the complaining sorrow of Cuba in the strain.

Over the Yumuri bridge you reach the Paseo, a broad avenue, edged by a

But after some exertion and a wish that your teacher had taught you some profane Spanish that might apply particularly to cocheros, you hire a barouche for one hour for a Spanish dollar and drive around the town, getting flashing impressions of the life and the people.

This is the hilly end of Rical street, Matanzas. The bright yellow and sky blue length of low houses twists like a gay striped ribbon to a perspective where an American flag flares in a splash of green.

It is a winter day, hot, dry and breezy, the sun pouring from a dome of marvelous blue. No, not blue; we call the summer sky at home blue, so another word must be coined to ex-



A CUBAN MILKMAN.
[From a photograph.]

press the dazzling glory of this color, which is all things, deep and bright, flaming like a luminous eye, yet soft with infinite depth, drenching the town with its brilliance and only fading a sister color when it looks upon the bay, whose very spray is streaked with blue as it frets the coast line of Matanzas.

Rical street is always busy, but there is no crowd and no hurry. The people amble in single file along the narrow pavements, which scarcely measure more than a yard in width, a chance American officer stopping to the gutter when progress is barred and returning to the sidewalk when he is ahead of the procession.

It is after 9, so all the shops are open and busy. If you are out to buy a book, look closely before entering, or you may find yourself in a butcher's, for they are all alike. There are no windows in which to display goods. There are merely open spaces under the low, pot tiled roofs, each with a big square of canvas flapping before it, blowing in or out, according to the breeze.

In the shadowy interiors there is little dissimilarity. Coming out of the sun, you wink hard to see what is on the uniform lines of shelves and in the glass cases standing at regular distances on the brick or marble floors. It would not surprise you if Latin contrivances to our usage put small divisions of the precious meat under the glass and strung up hats and handkerchiefs to be sold by the pound.

The shopkeepers are all Spaniards who have emigrated to the island at various times, and they, too, are bewilderingly alike, with full, florid faces, a brush of coarse black hair standing up from the forehead, with complacent bodies clothed in thin linen trousers and blouse, the sleeves rolled to the elbow and the neckband turned in till a décolleté effect is gained. They are nonchalant as to whether you buy or go, and if you cannot wait until perhaps the master leisurely finishes his early café con leche, why, adios!

"It is the custom of the country," says the patient Cuban who does wait and who smokes while he makes himself comfortable against the shelves.

Shops are not designated by the proprietor's name in Cuba. Each is given a title. As you stroll along you see upon the houses' gay facades signs of every hue, with fancy lettering, which read:

"The Pearl of Cuba," "The Favorite," "The Novelty," "The Terrace," "The Best of All," "The Coffee House of the Two Brothers," "The Bookshop of the Two Friends," etc.

The principal retail shops are in this

NEAT PRINTING
at the NEWS Office.

one important thoroughfare, if any-
thing so sleepy deserves the name.



VENDERS OF SHRIMPS.
[From a photograph.]

The Plaza is the hub of the town, and here the movement of an ant hill is seen. The palace, with an arcade in stucco, runs along one side, the clubs on another, cafes and some of the principal shops on another. Here the band plays at night, and the whole town strolls and flirts under the palms, finishing the evening at 9 at one of the cafes where lemonade, gin rickys and the insipid Cuban decoction of white of egg, sugar and water are sold.

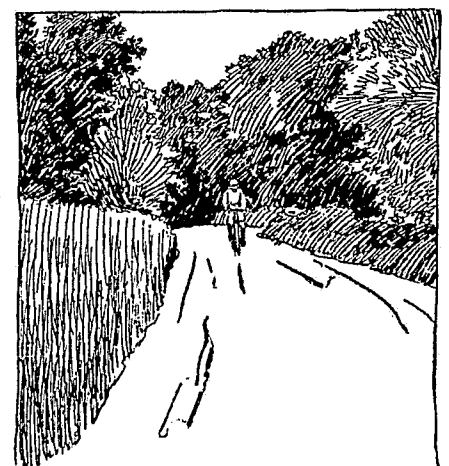
Multitudes of every shade of yellow and brown loiter around the many open doors, hoping to be used as messengers for a coche. They are big, graceful and fine featured, their chests shining through rents in tattered blouses and their dark ankles flashing below short, flapping trousers, the Cuban hat turned in a large flare back from their faces.

STATE AID FOR ROADS.

What the System Has Done For the Farmers of New Jersey.

Road building by state aid is steadily increasing in New Jersey, says Engineering News. The principal construction has been in the direction of roads four, six and eight inches deep, as experience has shown that properly drained earth is a sufficiently good foundation for any road superstructure, and all that is wanted is enough "metal" on the surface to stand up under the wear until the roads have to be resurfaced. This happens when the roads are subjected to two or three inches of wear. To cheaply maintain the surface an application of coarse sand or gravel and loam containing oxide of iron will keep the surface in good condition and make a soft cushion for the feet of horses.

The authorities of New Jersey have decided on roads 10, 12 and 14 feet wide in the country and 16 feet wide



TRANECK ROAD, NEW JERSEY.
[From L. A. W. Bulletin.]

in the towns as the limits for state aid. If the citizens wish wider roads, they must do the remaining work at their own cost. The roads are now costing from 30 to 70 cents per square yard, depending on the locality, availability of stone, etc.

Before the advent of stone roads the leading highways, not graveled, were almost a bed of sand, and teams carried 40 or 50 bushels of produce to Philadelphia markets with difficulty. Farmers shipped produce mainly by railways and boats as being the cheaper method.

The farmers now cart to market instead of sending by boat and return with from three to five tons of manure, and thus effect a large saving. When carting an average load of 150 bushels, the farmer saves by the use of his own team about \$10 per day. He also saves a commission of 10 per cent, or about \$6 on 150 bushels, by marketing his own produce.

A Bothered Boy.

I wonder why it is that girls are always told that they should do just like their mamma do in every single way?

It's awful easy for a girl to get along, because they praise her up for acting just the way her mamma do.

I wonder why it is that boys can't go and do the way their papa do and still not get licked or lectured every day?

Their papa, they nearly always smoke, and many of them chew, and I want my papa to get so mad I heard him swearin' too!

I wish somebody'd tell me why it's always dread-ful wrong for boys to do things that their papa keep doin' right along;

I wish I knew why girls can act just like their mamma do and what is more, get loved a lot and praised up for it too!

—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Gun That Shoots Fifteen Miles.
A great gun is said to have been made at Woolwich, England, that will carry a shot over 15 miles. It is asserted that the first shot went so far that those who were watching it lost sight of it in the distance. You know the great shells of the giant artillery guns are so large that they may be seen as they fly through the air, and it is owing to this fact that the distance they carry may be measured by means of what is called a range. For telling the distance that this gun will carry or drive a shot a new range will have to be constructed.—Chicago Record.

Capacity of Pasturage.

When a dairyman proportions his pasture out by the acre to the use of his milk cattle, instead of figuring on the fertility of the soil, he gets his farm overstocked.

Christmas Goods .. Galore At Hastings Bros'.

Our Christmas counters are brim full of things to please the ladies, and we earnestly invite your inspection.

LAMPS.

Table Lamps, Hall Lamps, Hanging Lamps, Banquet Lamps and Lamps of every kind and description.

CHINA.

Fancy Cup and Saucers, Plates, Bon-Bon Dishes, Pitchers Fruit Plates, etc.

GLASS WARE, JARDINIERES, and a host of things that we can't mention, but will be glad to show you when you come in.

Hastings Bros.,
OPPOSITE
POST
OFFICE.

Bargains IN Wall Papers

Paints, Oils and all
Painters' Supplies;
Sporting Goods, Tobacco,
Pipes and Cigars.

FOR BILIOUSNESS AND CONSTIPATION.

Wiley's LIVER GRANULES.

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS,

WILEY'S WHITE PINE AND TAR SYRUP.

FOR HOARSENESS AND BRONCHIAL IRRITATION,

Wiley's Bronchial Lozengers.

FOR HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA,

Wiley's Quick Cure Headache Powders.

Wiley's Drug Store.

Flour
Grain
and Feed
are our
Specialties

—But we have a large line of—

Groceries, Provisions, Lime, Plaster
and Cement.

WOODBURY & PURINGTON.

BIGGLE BOOKS

A Farm Library of unequalled value—Practical, Up-to-date, Concise and Comprehensive—Hand-somely Printed and Beautifully Illustrated.

By JACOB BIGGLE

No. 1—BIGGLE HORSE BOOK
All about Horses—A Complete Treatise, with over 74 illustrations; a standard work. Price, 50 Cents.

No. 2—BIGGLE BERRY BOOK
All about growing Small Fruits—read and learn how; contains 42 colored life-like reproductions of all leading varieties and 100 other illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.

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All about Poultry; the best Poultry Book in existence; tells everything; with 122 colored life-like reproductions of all the principal breeds; with 103 other illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.

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All about Cows and the Dairy Business; having a great sale; contains 8 colored life-like reproductions of each breed, with 132 other illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.

No. 5—BIGGLE SWINE BOOK
Just out. All about Hogs—breeding, Feeding, Butchery, Diseases, etc. Contains over 80 beautiful half-tones and other engravings. Price, 50 Cents.

The BIGGLE BOOKS are unique, original, useful—you never saw anything like them—so practical, so sensible. They are having an enormous sale—East, West, North and South. Every one who keeps a Horse, Cow, Hog or Chicken, or grows Small Fruits, ought to send right away for the BIGGLE BOOKS. The

FARM JOURNAL

Is your paper, made for you and not a misfit. It is 22 years old; it is the great household word, it is the best paper in the world—the biggest paper of its size in the United States of America—having over a million and a half regular readers.

Any ONE of the BIGGLE BOOKS, and the FARM JOURNAL 5 YEARS (remainder of 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902 and 1903) will be sent by mail to any address for A DOLLAR BIL.

Sample of FARM JOURNAL and circular describing BIGGLE BOOKS free.

WILMER AXKINSON, Address, FARM JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA.

CHAS. F. JENKINS.

Address, FARM JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA.

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Small Advertisements under the head of Wanted, For Sale, etc., set solid without display.
30 words, 1 week, - 25c
3 weeks, - 50c
Extra space pro rata.
Average six words a line.

FOR SALE

Grocery and Provision Business in Norway.

Small, clean stock,
Fixtures and team.
Good chance for a live
man with small capital.

MUST BE SOLD AT ONCE

Apply to

F. H. Noyes, Assignee, Norway, Me.

FIRE ENGINE FOR SALE.

In perfect condition and of best material and workmanship. Has double cylinder and pumps capable of throwing two streams of water 50 ft. from 1 1/2 in. nozzle. With engine goes 24 ft. 4 in. suction hose, 4 nozzles from 1 1/2 in. down to 1 in., 1 wrought iron hose cart with tool box and friction roller—capacity, 500 ft. of 2 1/2 in. hose. For further particulars, address James H. Perkins, Bethel Mills Co., Bethel, N. H.

For Sale.

One mare, nine years old, weighs 1000 pounds, all sound and a first-class driver. Inquire of S. C. Bartlett, Bethel, Me.

Wanted.

A front room, furnished or unfurnished. 29th or 354, Bethel.

Wanted.

The names of 1000 people who do not take the News. Which one of our subscribers will be the first to send us five.

FOR SALE.

The Kelliher house and lot located at the corner of Church and Railroad streets in Bethel Hill Village. To be sold at a bargain. Call or communicate with

HERRICK & PARK, Bethel, Me.

Lost.

Purse containing sum of money and several rings. Finder please leave at the News office and receive reward.

FLY 30 YARDS!

Send the in any of our papers and we will send you a 30 yard fly. A 30 yard fly is a small fly which will fly 30 yards. It is a very useful fly for many purposes. It is a very useful fly for many purposes. It is a very useful fly for many purposes.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

TRAINS FROM ISLAND POND TO PORTLAND RUN AS FOLLOWS:

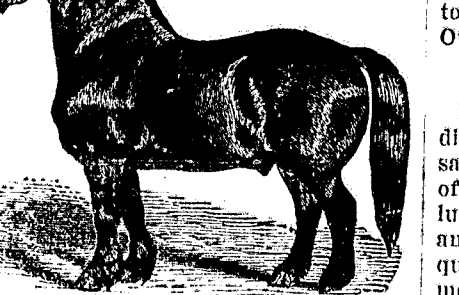
	A. M.	P. M.
Island Pond,	2.40	6.00
Gorham,	4.35	8.25
Gilead,	5.02	8.48
West Bethel,	5.14	8.56
BETHEL,	5.24	9.04
Locke's Mills,	5.36	9.13
Bryant Pond,	5.45	9.21
South Paris,	6.17	9.53
Portland,	8.10	11.30

TRAINS FROM PORTLAND TO ISLAND POND RUN AS FOLLOWS:

	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Portland,	6.00	1.30	8.10
South Paris,	7.38	3.38	9.53
Bryant Pond,	8.35	4.18	10.23
Locke's Mills,	8.45	4.27	10.30
BETHEL,	9.00	4.38	10.39
West Bethel,	9.10	4.46	10.47
Gilead,	9.24	4.59	10.58
Gorham,	10.00	5.42	11.26
Island Pond,	12.20	8.00	11.18

Sunday paper train leaves Portland going west at 8.30 a. m., South Paris 10.10, Bryant Pond 10.51, Locke's Mills 10.59, Bethel 11.10, West Bethel 11.20, Gilead 11.34, Gorham 12.00, arriving in Bethel 12.15.

The train which leaves Island Pond at 2.40 a. m., and the one which leaves Portland at 6.00 p. m., run every day; all others every day except Sunday.



I wish to say to the people of Bethel and vicinity that I have opened a Sale Stable at my place in Bethel, and will keep a large stock of horses, weighing from 1000 to 1000 each, constantly on hand. If you need a good horse, come to me and I will please you.

L. U. BARTLETT, BETHEL, MAINE.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Our Young Readers

THE PORT OF BOTTLES.

A Spot From Which No Floating

Fisk Can Get Away.

"There is a dead spot in the Caribbean sea," said the first officer of a Brazilian ship, chatting at the customhouse the other day, "that ought to be called the port of bottles. It lies very nearly midway between Cartagena, in Colombia, and Kingston, Jamaica, and at a guess I should say it was due east to Cape Gracias a Dios. It is out of the steamer tracks, and the action of the great currents going one way and another has left a space of stagnant water without any real movement at all. Anything that gets into the dead spot is apt to stay there unless driven out by some big storm and will simply drift round and round, gathering sea grass and barnacles."

"The last time I saw the place was in 1895, when I was on board a tramp from Rio that had changed its course a little to take up some rubber at a Central American port. While we were passing through we noticed a speck, and among a lot of rubbish attached to it was a peculiar looking round object, bright red in color. We put off a boat to investigate, and it proved to be a patent buoy, which had been set adrift from a Florida lighthouse station in 1893, and was part of a systematic attempt to ascertain the speed and direction of currents. Inside was an official memorandum, which was afterward returned to the navy department with data of when and where found. But what is a good deal more interesting is the fact that while we were securing the buoy we discovered three bottles sticking in the drift, all covered with weeds and slime. One was empty, and the other two had papers inside. The first was a memorandum that the bottle had been dropped from a yacht off the Grand Cayman in, I think, the year 1892, and the other inclosure showed that it came from a ship bound for Montevideo, on what date I forget. In each case it was evidently the whim of some idle passenger, but it was a little odd that we should find the whole collection together."

"I noticed a lot of other driftwood in the dead spot, and I am confident that no end of bottles could be culled from the place. Hundreds are dropped overboard every year, but very few escape being knocked to pieces unless they happen to find their way to some such still place as I have described."—New Orleans Democrat.

The Proud Frog.

It was a moonlight night, and the water was so bright that a great green frog was using it for a looking glass. He thought he was a very fine fellow. "Ker-chug! Ker-chug!" said he. "What a nice big frog I am and not a bit like that little bird that sits over there on the bush! I wouldn't be so small for anything. Just hear what a weak little chirp it has, while my voice is loud enough to be heard away over at that farmhouse! I think I will sing them a song. Ker-chug! Ker-chug!"

The little bird, awakened by the noise, hopped about on the branch and began to sing.

"Why, he can sing, too!" said the frog. "I am not sure but that he sings a little better than I do, but he's a poor thing, afraid of the water. I believe I will take a dive." He plunged into the pond and came up again, but the splashing he made so frightened the bird that it flew away up into the sky. The frog now looked after it in wonder.

"I can't do that," he said. "I can go into the water, but I can't go into the sky. After all, it isn't good to be proud of oneself, for some can do one thing better and some another, and no one is smart enough to do them all."—Christian Advocate.

A Motherly Cat.

Some years ago the attention of a family in Ohio was called to a brood of young chickens by a cat that seemed to devote her time and attention to them. They were regularly fed by the mistress of the house. The cat frequently purred to them, and they came at her call and followed her as closely as chickens follow the mother hen. They lodged together in a wood shed adjacent to the house for about three months. But in the early spring the chickens, being well fledged, abandoned their winter quarters and flew into the higher branches of a fruit tree to roost. The cat purred and meowed and seemed much disgusted at their change of lodgings, but soon accepted the situation and climbed to the tree top and roosted with the chickens.—Our Dumb Animals.

A Clever Canary.

Remarkable cleverness is sometimes displayed by birds. "I had a canary," says a gentleman, "between the wires of whose cage I used to fix a piece of lump sugar. One day it dropped out, and when picked up was found to be quite wet on one side. This surprised me, and I replaced it in the cage, with the dry side inward, and determined to watch the bird's proceedings. After a few ineffectual attempts on the hard sugar, the bird went to the water glass, filled its bill, dropped the water on the sugar, and repeated this several times. When the sugar was thus softened, the bird began to eat it. Apparently it was thought—a calculation of means and a use of them."

Small Beginnings.

Andrew Carnegie began as a boy in a Pittsburgh telegraph office. John King, the railway magnate of the northwest, began as an errand boy in a Baltimore hardware store.

OFFICE BOYS AT LUNCHEON.

An Interesting Noontime Scene In

Exchange Place, New York.

"I dinna kin, I'll na trust ye mair," said Scotty, the highland chief of the lunch cart merchants in and about Exchange place, to a small urchin who wanted a pie on credit.

"Ye are saulky back in accoots noo. Ye are a wee sma' liddle," continued the chief, "but ye can eat mair than a coo. Ye ower muckle noo—mair than 13 cents."

"I know it, Scotty," replied the urchin, "but just swing me once more, Scotty," he said coaxingly, "and I'll pay you Saturday sure. I won't shoot no more craps until I pay you. Honest I won't!"

Finally, after more pleading, the urchin got the sandwich. It was lunchtime in Exchange place, New York—they don't say luncheon down there—and the little lunch carts were doing a rushing business. From noon until 2 p. m. the block between New and Broad streets is given up to the carts and their small customers. Scores of boys of all ages and sizes were pouring in from all directions until a stranger would suppose that every messenger and office boy in the city must surely be there.

A dozen or more little carts were doing a trade that would make a restaurant proprietor anxious. Most of the carts carried but a single article, and consequently there were no menu cards or things of that sort. In fact, there was no giving of orders. The boys simply crowded around the carts and exchanged their pennies for the good things passed over to them. Scotty and Joe had only frankfurters to dispose of. The uniform price of the frankfurters was 3 cents each, or two for 5 cents.

Other carts dealt only in pies, which sold for 5 cents apiece, or half a one for 3 cents. Some carts carried milk only, at 2 and 3 cents a glass, according to the size. The ice cream carts came in for liberal patronage at a penny a lick. If the customer didn't care to lick his ice cream out of the small glass, he could have it in the form of bricks, carefully wrapped up in tissue paper.

The boys who thronged the little narrow street represented all the busy marts of downtown trade. There were boys from the Stock Exchange and the other exchanges, the banking houses and brokers' offices and from almost everywhere, fat boys and thin boys, tall and short boys, boys of the Charles Dickens fat boy type and boys of the Tom Sawyer sort, bright eyed, rollicking, fun loving boys, but on the whole as well behaved a lot of boys as one would wish to meet.

The average boy spent about 12 cents for his lunch, as follows: Two frankfurter sandwiches, 5 cents; half a pie, 3 cents; glass of milk, 2 cents; a "lick" of the cream, 1 cent.

Several of the little chaps had finished their luncheon and were chatting together when the reporter approached them.

"No lunch cart men make money?" asked the reporter.

"Well, I should guess yes," chorused the boys.

"Every one of 'em makes \$5 a day and some of 'em \$10," said one of the bright eyed youngsters.

"Are you thinking of starting in the lunch business?" inquired a handsome dark eyed boy in knickerbockers of the reporter.

"Do you think it would pay me?" evasively replied the reporter.

"Yes, I think it would," continued the boy, with a rearing smile. "Scotty has made so much money that he bought two shares of stock last week. They cost \$100 apiece, and they went up right after Scotty got them and he made a lot more money."

"I suppose you will have a cart when you get a little older?" said the reporter.

"Oh, no!" answered the boy. "I am going to be a baker."

The Danger of Modesty in Politics. The chairman of the state committee glanced at the latest batch of returns and sighed wearily. His look was the look of a man who had no hope, who saw an abyss at his feet and knew that he must plunge into it.

"Why, what's the matter?" his chief assistant asked. "You look ill."

"I am," the chairman replied. "I have seen those latest figures?"

"Yes, but surely there is nothing in them to discourage you. They only add to the glorious victory we have won. Our plurality keeps getting greater and greater as the distant counties are tested from."

"Yes," groaned the chairman, "that's the trouble. My career as a campaign manager is ended. After this I shall be shelved. The party managers will never repose any confidence in me again. Our vote will be at least 8,000 above my highest claim! I have always been afraid that my accused modesty would ruin me, and now the worst has come."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Great Worker.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, in spite of her 78 years and her recent widowhood, has resumed her public work, not only presiding at the fortnightly meetings of the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage association, of which she is president, but featuring as usual for many charitable and philanthropic objects. In a private letter to a friend she says: "Among the last words of Mr. Livermore was his wish that I would go on as I had been living. 'Don't give up any work you are engaged in, only try not to overdo.' I have great need of work now. It is to me more than money, sympathy, food or raiment. I must live worthily. I cannot be overborne now at the close of my life by sorrow, depression and loneliness. And the very last work I shall relinquish is work for suffrage for women, as it underlies the whole matter of women's advancement."

Tickling Straws.

"Did you hear what Aunt Hetty says?"

"No. What now?"

"She says she wonders why they don't build cities in the country, where there's more room."

Does it make a man act square to bring him up with a round turn occasionally?

It doesn't follow that a man extremely fond of shell fish should develop a crab-bed disposition.

It is when teaching her to ride a bicycle that a man finds it hard to support his wife.

"I don't see," said the old man, "why chopping wood isn't as good exercise and just as enjoyable as playing golf."

"It is the walking between the strokes that makes golf so valuable as exercise," explained the boy. "That equalizes matters and gives the legs the exercise that they need."

Thus it happened that the old man went out into the yard and placed sticks of wood at intervals all around it, after which he handed the boy an axe and told him to play the full course.—Chicago Post.

HOW SHE MANAGES IT.

"I see Bunker's wife has written a magazine article on 'How to Make Home Happy.'"

Well, she ought to be an authority on that subject. She certainly makes her home happy. Her husband was telling me yesterday that she hadn't been home more than ten days all summer, and it seemed to tickle him immensely."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A WISE YOUTH.

Aunt Jane—I hope you always give your little sister the larger share of your orange or candy?

Bobby—Yes'm! If I didn't she'd take the whole of it!—Puck.

"What are you figuring on?" asked the Chicago wife, after her husband had covered several sheets of paper with columns of figures. "Well," replied her husband, "I am trying to find out what the population of our city would be if we had no city limits at all."—Judge.

The Physician—I find that your wife has been in a melancholy state, bordering on hysteria, as you know, and when I insisted on knowing the cause, she confided to me that it was due to worry about your affairs. Her tenderness for you has led her to fear that under the enormous burden of your family expenses you might break down. This has caused her collapse.

Van Antler—Well, well! Poor girl! Now, doctor, what would you advise?

The Physician—She says, and I am inclined to agree with her, that nothing but a trip to Europe will do her any good.—Puck.

Squire's Daughter—Good morning Marjorie. How are the twins, and what names are you going to give them?

Marjorie—Well, miss, we've decided to call one "Kate" and the other "Duplicate."—Punch.

IDENTICAL.

Park—I've just got a telegram from my wife that she won't be home until next week.

Lane—What have you done about it?

"I telegraphed back that neither would I."—Detroit Free Press.

EVEN WORSE.

Young 'hump—Wasn't it awful, those Parisian students rushing around and shouting, "Let up pillage?"

Old Grump—They might have done worse. They might have roamed the streets howling, "Rah, rah!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Beauty Is Blood Deep. Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarel's Candy Cathartic cleans your blood and keeps it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Regens, pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarel's—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Ripans Tabules: gentle cathartic. Ripans Tabules: at druggists. Ripans Tabules cure liver troubles. Ripans Tabules assist digestion. Ripans Tabules cure torpid liver.

A teacher in a north of England boarding school was recently examining a class of small boys in mental arithmetic. She said, "If your father gave your mother thirty shillings to-day and two pounds to-morrow, what would she have? And a small boy near the bottom of the class replied, "She would have a fit."

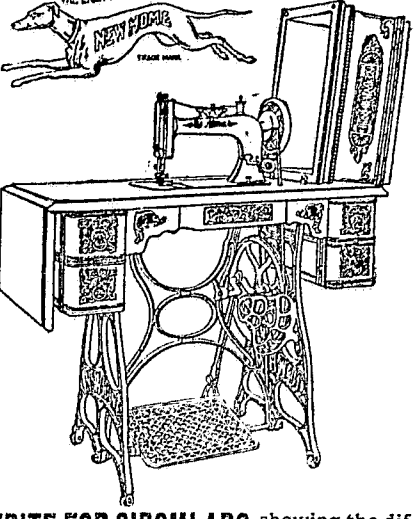
Morris Chair

\$5.95 buys this substantial Morris Chair, No. 1440, direct from the makers, Freight Prepaid, sent "on approval," to be returned at our expense if not positively the best Morris Chair ever sold at so low a price. A very acceptable gift. Frame is of stout white oak, with brass rod and strong casters and is finished light oak, dark oak or foliage green. It has deep, comfortable seat and broad arms. The back is adjustable to 4 positions. It has reversible cushions covered with beautiful figured velour in either old mahogany or myrtle green shades (samples on request). We make this chair and absolutely guarantee it in every way.

"THE HOUSEHOLD OUTFITTERS" Oren Hooper's Sons, Portland, Maine.

TRY THE

"NEW HOME" SEWING MACHINE.



WRITE FOR CIRCULARS showing the different styles of Sewing Machines we manufacture and their prices before you purchase any other.

THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO., ORANGE, MASS.

28 Union Square, N. Y. Chicago, Ill. St. Louis, Mo. Dallas, Texas. San Francisco, Cal. Atlanta, Ga. FOR SALE BY

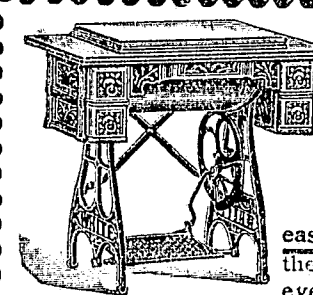
I have the largest and best

Stocked Country Store in the County. Come and see for yourself and get prices on our fall and winter supplies.

I Buy Potatoes, Apples, Butter, Poultry,

Wool, Hops, Beans, Round Hogs. Cash paid for all kinds of Furs.

T. H. Burgess, Rumford Center, Me.



A NEW DEPARTURE

A Radical Change in Marketing Methods as Applied to Sewing Machines.

An original plan under which you can obtain easier terms and better value in the purchase of the world famous "White" Sewing Machine than ever before offered.

Write for our elegant H-T catalogue and detailed particulars. How we can save you money in the purchase of a high-grade sewing machine and the easy terms of payment we can offer, either direct from factory or through our regular authorized agents. This is an opportunity you cannot afford to pass. You know the "White," you know its manufacturers. Therefore, a detailed description of the machine and its construction is unnecessary. If you have an old machine to exchange we can offer most liberal terms. Write to-day. Address in full, WHITE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, (Dep't A.) Cleveland, Ohio.

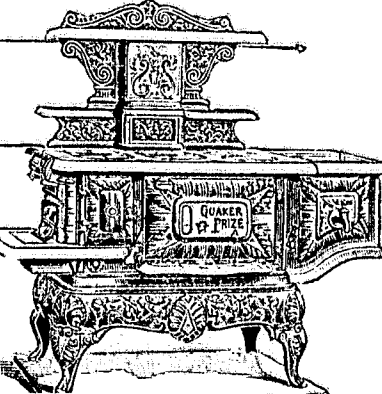
PIANOS AND ORGANS

The most complete stock of Pianos, Organs, Stools, Scaurs and Instruction Books ever had. Ivers & Pond Behr Bros., Merrill, Estey and Prescott Pianos. : : : : Estey, Carpenter, Packard and Wilcox & White Organs, all in stock. Illustrated catalogues of all these instruments sent upon application. Instruments sold on easy monthly terms.

W. J. Wheeler & Co., Billings' Block, SOUTH PARIS, ME.

Advertise your wants in the News—quick returns.

QUAKER RANGE



Will take a twenty-four inch stick of wood. Full size Fire Box.

SOLD BY

G. & J. B. ROBERTS, HANOVER, MAINE.

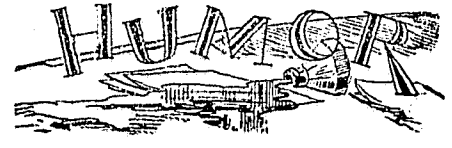
THE NEWS

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Oren Hooper's Sons.
Merritt Welch.
Wiley's Drug Store.
Eastman Brothers & Bancroft.
H. B. Foster.
Bradford, Conant & Co.
Edward King.

New Wants, To Let, For Sale, Lost, Found
and similar advertisements will be found on
page 7.
Business Cards on page 6.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1900.



LETTERS FROM BOSTON.

Are Always Literary, but Some People Don't Appreciate Them.

Little Willie was trying to make it pleasant for Mr. Munkleton while Miss Gildersley was up stairs "getting ready." Mr. Munkleton was to take her to the opera, and that of course meant a large number of "last touches" for her and her mother and the maid.

"We got some relations livin in Boston," Willie said, probably because he couldn't think of anything else that would serve as a starter.

"Have you?" Mr. Munkleton asked, pretending to be immensely interested.

"Yes, Sister Sue was down there visitin them last summer."

"She was telling me about it the other day. Had a very pleasant time, did she not?"

"I guess so, but she's purty sorry she went."

"Why?"

"Cause our cousins down there keep writin to her every little while now. You ought to see how mad she gets every time a letter comes from one of them."

"Oh, I guess you must be mistaken about that, Willie. Why should she get angry when they write to her?"

"You see, she has to take a whole day lookin through the dictionary whenever she answers one of their letters, and, my, but it makes her sweat!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Man Behind the Mule.

A rural correspondent, who says he wants the poets to "tote fair," sends us the following classic stanzas to the man behind the mule—a fellow entirely overlooked by Mr. Markham:

They've been an gone an wrote enough,
As all the world does know,
About the man who works the lan—
He cannot be a Christian.

But what I want 'em all to do
Is change the writin rule
An tell us 'bout that other man—
The man behind the mule.

He breaks the Lord's commandment,
Likewise the golden rule;
He cannot be a Christian
For cursin of the mule.

For of all the Lord created
To turn a human fool
There's nothin that kin ever hold
A candle to the mule!

For if he's loadin' round or tied,
Bigger up in harness fine,
The mule is never satisfied—
He's kickin all the time!

As the man that has the wisdom
Which all the world could rule
Is that patient, ploddin fellow—
The man behind the mule!

—Atlanta Constitution.

Seemingly Quite Probable.

"Sold my story, old man," exclaimed the writer joyfully.

"Well, do you know, I thought from an item I saw in the paper that very likely you had been successful," returned the cynic. "When did you sell it?"

"Last Monday."

"Just as I thought. According to the paper a magazine editor was committed to an asylum for the feeble minded Tuesday."—Chicago Post.

A Severe Summary.

"It's wonderful," said the man with the solemn air of erudition, "what a difference a slight matter will make in the world's estimate of a man."

"It isn't so in literature," was the answer. "A man must have merit there."

"Not necessarily. If he gets his spelling wrong, that's plain ignorance, but if he gets his facts and logic all twisted, that's originality!"

T. F. FOSS & SONS

We want to call the attention of our Bethel friends to our extensive line of

ENGLISH DINNER SETS

We have almost everything from lowest priced to high priced, right from our English brethren. Come and see them.

COR. CONGRESS & PREBLE STS. PORTLAND

NORTH NORWAY.

Hugh McCay is visiting in Boston.

Herbert Marshall is still very low.

Mrs. Albert Wiggin is visiting in Sebago.

Ned Cox and his mother have returned from their visit to Hallowell.

Farmers are preparing to harvest ice, which is nearly thick enough.

Mrs. Alice Frost has returned home after spending ten weeks in Bridgton.

Lucia Buck has returned to the village, now that the scarlet fever scare is over.

Mr. and Mrs. O. W. H. Jenkins spent Christmas at E. E. Twitchell's in Oxford.

Fred Wheeler, who lives with his grandfather, J. S. Herick, was severely injured while sliding, the 26th.

The entertainment at the chapel, Christmas eve, was quite interesting. Spaulding Abbott blacked as a negro, and gave two recitations in negro dialect that "just took the cake."

MIDDLE INTERVALE.

O. R. Moulton of Sweden, was at J. A. Libby's, Friday and Saturday.

Ned Carter went to Lewiston, Saturday, and bought a span of horses.

Ada Coburn of Bethel, did some dressmaking in this neighborhood, last week.

Mrs. Millie Clark went to Bethel Hill, Sunday, to attend the crystal wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Burke, Monday night.

Mrs. Guy Swan returned to her home in Gorham, N. H., last Thursday, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Harriet Sanborn.

We are glad to see that "Uncle Jacob" Kimball of East Bethel, is able to be out this winter. He visited Mr. Holt and Tapley Kimball, a week ago.

NORTH WEST BETHEL.

The New Year comes on the wings of dawn!

May it bring blessings an hundred fold
For every joy that has been withdrawn,
And leave behind it a track of gold!

Jack Chapman is at home for the holidays.

Miss Josephine Morgan is working for Mrs. J. G. Gehring at Bethel Hill.

Hannibal Chapman has returned to college after spending some days with his parents.

The engagement is announced of Miss Marion E. Chapman and Mr. George Jacobus of Springfield, Mass.

The Misses Frema and Fay Morrill, and Miss Ethel Perkins of Massachusetts were recent guests at Miss Amy Bear's.

HARTFORD.

William Redding of North Sumner visited at Charles Canwell's, last Sunday.

Roscoe J. Childs, who has been working at So. Paris, has returned home, sick, with rheumatism around the heart.

Wells in this vicinity are low. Some of the farmers have to drive their stock quite a distance to water. Isaac Howe has to haul water a mile and a quarter for his stock.

Having a Great Run on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

Manager Martin, of the Pierson drug store, informs us that he is having a great run on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He sells five bottles of that medicine to one of any other kind, and it gives great satisfaction. In these days of la grippe there is nothing like Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to stop the cough, heal up the sore throat and lungs and give relief within a very short time. The sales are growing, and all who try it are pleased with its prompt action.—South Chicago Daily Calumet.

For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel, A. S. Bean, W. Bethel, W. H. Crockett, Locke Mills, J. W. Bennett, Gillett, A. R. Small & Son, Bryant Pond.

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

"Another daughter off your hands," smiled Mrs. Grims.

"Another son-in-law to keep," growled Mr. Grims.—Detroit Free Press.

How Are Your Kidneys?

Dr. Hobbs' Spasmodic Pills cure all kidney ills. Safe, free. Add. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y.

NORWAY.

Andrews' sale stable will have another car load of horses in about ten days. Their buyer goes West especially for this load, so a choice stock to select from is assured.

Orders were received Saturday at the shoe factories to have the stock taken before Jan. 1. This demand was executed to the letter, and the stock went upon paper Monday morning.

Guy R. Estes and Anna P. Bennett were married at New Gloucester, Dec. 28. Mr. Estes loyally treated his friends and shopmates upon cigars and received in return many wishes for a long and happy wedded life.

Statistics of the Norway and So. Paris Electric Road show that during the last year over 277,000 passengers have been carried. This is a good showing for a small line, yet the monopoly of travel from the Grand Trunk materially added to the large list.

The trains on the Branch failed to materialize Monday as was expected from official announcements made through the press. Doubtless the regular passenger and baggage traffic will be a permanent thing later, but at present the electric must furnish transportation.

John Cullinan is a busy man these cold days. Three teams are constantly employed delivering wood and coal to all parts of the village. His heaviest business is with the electric plant at Steep Falls, as they are compelled to use steam altogether for power, so consume large quantities of coal daily.

UPTON.

Henry Raymond has bought West & Son's mills.

The new year brought us six inches of very welcome snow as it has been very poor sledding.

The Christmas celebration was a success; the church was so crowded that many were obliged to stand.

Mr. Ellsworth Lombard has been quite sick. It is thought he has chicken pox as several children in town have also been afflicted with a similar disease.

F. O. Godwin, republican, has been appointed postmaster at Upton, in place of C. Chase, democrat.

Mr. Chase and daughter have been very careful and obliging in the work in the post office.

Fordyce Brooks has sold his house and land in Brooks' district to J. M. Philbrook. Mrs. Brooks is staying with her parents at Bethel. Mr. Brooks is planning to go to Cupstic to scale timber.

A. M. Coolidge is getting a quantity of timber to the mill to be sawed into lumber to build a boathouse for Metlakul Island boats. The boathouse is being built on the mainland near James Gibbs' place. Asa West and Jas. Bernier are sawing the lumber.

WEST LOVELL.

Mrs. Marietta Fox visited her sons at the Centre, the past week.

Mrs. Victor McAllister entertained a number of relatives on Christmas day.

Hartford McAllister and wife were over from Norway to see their daughter, Georgia.

Miss Lotta Allard has been home from Fryeburg Academy, to spend Christmas with her parents.

Geo. Fox and Seth Harriman accompanied their cousin L. E. Fox to Rumford and returned with the teams.

Mrs. Ruth Lord and son, Granville, went to Albany the 27th to see her son Millard and family, and returned the 31st.

Mrs. Wm. S. Fox and daughter, Anna, came over from Norway the 24th, and spent Christmas with her mother, expecting to meet her husband. He came a few days later and went home the 30th.

There was a Christmas entertainment and tree at the Crooker school house, Monday night, the 25th, the children taking part in the exercises. On the tree were pretty gifts for old and young.

Headache

Is often a warning that the liver is torpid or inactive. More serious troubles may follow. For a prompt, efficient cure of Headache and all liver troubles, take

Hood's Pills

While they rouse the liver, restore full, regular action of the bowels, they do not gripe or pain, do not irritate or inflame the internal organs, but have a positive tonic effect. 25c. at all druggists or by mail of G. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

GILEAD.

Mrs. J. W. Bennett is on the sick list this week.

F. P. Chandler has moved his family to Bryant Pond, where he is employed as telegraph operator.

Mr. Jack Arnold, who has been hotel clerk for J. W. Bennett, has returned to his home in Michigan.

Rev. Mr. Harbutt, secretary of the Maine Home Missionary Society will preach here next Sunday at 10.30 a. m.

The snow after Monday's storm measured about a foot and was appreciated by all, especially those who have sledding to do.

Mr. William Bryant, who was recently married, is moving into town. We all wish Mr. and Mrs. Bryant much happiness.

Getting Even With Him.

"Money, money, money all the time," he growled when she said she needed a new bonnet. "Do you know how much it cost to keep you in the country this summer?"

"No," she replied. "I don't know, but I know it didn't cost so much as it did to keep you in the city."—Chicago Post.

How to Get On.

Blinkers—How did that fool De Chappie get into the Four Hundred?

Winkers—His valet used to serve some one in the Prince of Wales' set. The Four Hundred admitted the valet, and then he introduced De Chappie.—New York Weekly.

Comes Natural to Him.

"Why does Jim Todgers affect that funeral style of walking?"

"He can't help it. He's been an usher at so many weddings."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

On the Gridiron.



The Little One—I'm a back.
The Tall One—I'm a half back.
The Little One—H'm! The half seems to be greater than the whole.—Judy.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.
Candy cathartic, cure constipation, forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

FOUNTAIN PEN.

We must have the people pretty well supplied with fountain pens by the way we have put them out for the past two years, but we have a few more and here they go. Bethel News one year and one of the best fountain pens on the market for \$1.08. This applies to new advance subscriptions and renewals. We have a limited number of these, so remember that "The first come will be first served."

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're sick, or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force in the shape of physical or mental strain is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens, or Gripes, 10c, 25c. Write for free sample, and booklet on health. Address: Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, 323a

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

New York

WEEKLY TRIBUNE

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY.

For over fifty-eight years a National Family Paper for farmers and villagers, whose readers have represented the very best element of our country population.

It gives all important news of the Nation and World, the most reliable Market Reports, Fascinating Short Stories, an unexcelled Agricultural Department, Scientific and Mechanical Information, Fashion Articles for the Women. Humorous Illustrations for old and young. It is "The People's Paper" for the entire United States.

Regular subscription price, \$1.00 PER YEAR.

We furnish it with the News for \$1.50 PER YEAR.

Send all orders to the NEWS, Bethel, Me.

..BLUE STORE..

GOOD VALUES IN CLOTHING WE ARE SELLING.

Large Assortment to select from. All we ask is for you to come and see us, and look at our goods before you buy. Our Prices are Right, they are the lowest for same quality of goods. We will make it pay you to buy of us. If we can call you once we will have a permanent customer, and that is what we are working for.

Respectfully yours,

F. H. NOYES, NORWAY

NORTH WOODSTOCK.

A family Christmas tree took place at the home of Mrs. Abigail Yates, Tuesday night, Dec. 26. A number of friends and relatives were present. The program consisted of vocal and instrumental music, recitations, and declamations, after which old Santa Claus made his appearance dressed in his usual costume, loaded with presents which interested old and young. The presents on the tree were numerous and very useful. All went home wishing a merry, merry Christmas to all and hoping to enjoy many more such entertainments.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been duly appointed executrix of the last will and testament of MILTON HOLTY, late of Bethel, in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately. Dec. 19th, 1899. Vienna Holt.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been duly appointed executrix of the last will and testament of LOIS F. WILBUR, late of Bethel, in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately. Dec. 19th, 1899. Ella C. Barker.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of HANNAH J. GARR, late of Upton, in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately. Dec. 19th, 1899. Elmer C. Park.

PROBATE NOTICES.

To all persons interested in either of the Estates hereinafter named: At a Probate Court, held at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine, the following matter having been presented for the record, hereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby ordered:

That notice be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Bethel News a newspaper published at Bethel, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the third Tuesday of January, A. D. 1900, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and be heard there on if they see cause.

HENRY BRADEN, late of Andover, deceased, will and petition for probate thereof, and the appointment of Lizzie P. Braden as administratrix, with will annexed, presented by said Lizzie P. Braden, widow.

SAMUEL PEABODY, late of Gilead, deceased, accounts of trustees presented for allowance by said trustees.

HANNAH CHANDLER, late of Bethel, deceased, first account presented for allowance by Francis B. Chandler, trustee for the benefit of Rebecca Chandler.

MARTHA L. Conners, late of Norway, deceased, petition for license to sell and convey real estate, presented by Isaac S. Morrill, guardian.

HENRY LEE BARKER, minor ward, first account presented for allowance by Frank W. Barker, guardian.

ADDITION E. HERRICK, Judge of said Court, a true copy—Attest: ALBERT D. PARK, Register.

NEW YORK WORLD.

Everyone knows that the New York World stands without a peer among the newspapers of America. If you want the news, the whole news and the news fresh from the wire, you want the Thrice-a-Week World, and here is the way to get it. Send us \$1.00, and we will furnish the Bethel News 1 year and America's greatest paper three times a week for 1 year. Old subscribers may take advantage of this offer by paying up to date and one year in advance. Not a daily, for that would cost \$6.00 per year, but every other day, and your home paper for a whole year for \$1.00. The greatest yet. Grasp it.

FIRE INSURANCE

Agents for twenty five leading insurance companies. All kinds of insurance placed on favorable terms.

W. J. Wheeler & Co.,

Billings' Block, SOUTH PARIS, ME.

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